

Mr. ANTHONY HOPE'S NEW NOVEL starts in this Journal TO-MORROW.

The Daily Mirror.

No. 25.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1903.

One Penny.



MODEL 6.

Elegant French Corset in Black Broché, gracefully cut in the newest straight-fronted shape. Boned real whalebone, and finished with suspenders at side and front, price 25/6.

PETER ROBINSON, Ltd., OXFORD ST.

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SPECIAL SALE

— OF —
Costume Skirts, Blouses, Stoles,
Underskirts, Silks, etc., TO-DAY.

COSTUME SKIRTS.

Sale Prices.

55 COSTUME SKIRTS in black faced Cloth, Canvas, Voile, and Serge, all lined throughout with Silk, new and fashionable shapes, some with bodice pieces, also a few in coloured materials. Original prices, 63/- to 100/- ...

49/6

12 COSTUME SKIRTS in Voile and Canvas, some lined with Silk, and with bodice pieces. Original prices, 52/6 to 105/- ...

39/6

65 COSTUME SKIRTS in black Serge and Voile, also in coloured Tweeds and Face Cloths: a few lined with Silk, others unlined or lined with Silkette; some with bodice pieces. Original price, 73/6 ...

21/-

A QUANTITY OF CREPE DE CHINE AND SILK COSTUME SKIRTS, all greatly reduced.

UNDERSKIRTS.

22 SILK MOIRETTE UNDERSKIRTS, good shapes, mostly light Navy shades. Original price, 15/9 ...

6/11

35 SILK UNDERSKIRTS, imperfect, in Pink, Red, Mauve, Amber, and Cerise, full size, good shapes. Original price, 15/9 ...

7/6

25 SILK UNDERSKIRTS, Pleated, Flounced, and Trimmed Lace, Ribbon, etc., soiled. Original prices, 29/6 to 39/6 ...

21/-

30 SILK UNDERSKIRTS, in smart designs, including several French Models, Trimmed Velvet, Lace, etc. Original prices, 42/- to 49/6

29/6

22 FRENCH MODEL SILK UNDERSKIRTS, in White, Cream, and Colours, handsome designs, richly trimmed, soiled. Original prices, 59/6 to 75/- ...

39/6

BONNET'S BROCADES.

3,550 YARDS OF BONNET'S RICH BLACK BROCADES, wear guaranteed, very rich quality, handsome designs; also spot and small patterns. Original price, 5/6 ...

3/9

COATS AND SKIRTS.

Sale Prices.

42 COATS AND SKIRTS, in Tweeds, Navy, Green, and Brown, Russian Blouse shape; coats piped with Silk. Original price, 49/6 ...

21/-

36 COATS AND SKIRTS, English Tailor-made, in Tweeds and Serges, various shapes; coats lined Silk. Original price, 52/6...

29/6

80 COATS AND SKIRTS, English Tailor-made, in Tweeds and Frizzes, various shapes, some trimmed with Velvet; coat lined with Silk. Original prices, 84/- to 89/6 ...

49/6

40 COATS AND SKIRTS, English Tailor-made, in Tweeds and Cloths, all colours, many trimmed with Silk and Velvet; coats lined Silk. Original prices, 94/- to 115/6 ...

69/6

22 COATS AND SKIRTS, English Tailor-made, in Tweeds and Cloths, many copied from newest models and richly trimmed; coats lined Silk. Original prices, 126/- to 168/- ...

98/6

FLANNEL SHIRTS.

250 FLANNEL SHIRTS AND SLIPS twelve designs, perfect shape and fit. Original prices, 7/11 and 8/11 ...

4/11

200 VOILE SLIPS, nine designs, in Cream, Black, Sky, Eau-de-nil, Vieux Rose, etc. Original prices, 12/11 and 15/6 ...

7/11

100 CREAM FLANNEL SLIPS, nine designs, richly trimmed. Original prices, 15/6 and 17/6 ...

10/6

73 RICH NUNS VEILING SLIPS, in Cream and Turquoise only, three designs, hand-made. Original prices, 18/6 ...

13/6

80 FLANNEL SLIPS, twelve designs, richly trimmed with Lace Motifs, hand-made. Original price, 25/6 ...

16/11

MARABOUT STOLES.

150 RICH MARABOUT STOLES, very full Feather, 24 yards long, 5 rows, in Natural, Black, and Seal Brown, extra wide and full. Original price, 27/6 ...

19/6

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY,
WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.

The Opening Chapters of

“DOUBLE HARNESS,”

MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S NEW
NOVEL, will appear exclusively
in this Journal TO-MORROW.

Cadbury's Cocoa

"HEALTH" says :-

"CADBURY'S COCOA has in a remarkable degree those natural elements of sustenance which give the system endurance and hardihood, building up muscle and bodily vigour with a steady action that renders it a most acceptable and reliable beverage."

The "LANCET" says :-

"We are glad to find that Messrs. Cadbury draw attention to the fact that there are strong grounds for objection to the addition to Cocoa of certain foreign substances. This resource is quite unnecessary, and, indeed, pernicious, especially having regard to the fact that Cocoa alone is an excellent food as well as a stimulant, having a salutary action upon the nerve centres."

"The statement that CADBURY'S COCOA is an absolutely pure article, cannot be controverted in view of the results of analysis which in our hands this excellent article of food has yielded."

**ABSOLUTELY
PURE
THEREFORE
BEST**

*for
Cold
Nights
and
Winter
Mornings*

The "LADY'S PICTORIAL" says :-

"CADBURY'S COCOA is nutritious, agreeable, easily digested, and as pure and pleasant as it is inexpensive in use. Does not thicken in the cup. It is in every respect an ideal winter beverage."

The "MEDICAL MAGAZINE" says :-

"Without exception the most popular Cocoa of the day; we are glad to give it the highest praise. For Strength, Purity, and Nourishment there is nothing superior to be found."

"NURSING RECORD" says :-

"CADBURY'S COCOA may always be relied upon as absolutely pure, and further, delicious."

The "EPIQUEURE" says :-

"Take your cocoa pure, and remember that the name CADBURY on a tin or package of cocoa is a substantial guarantee of purity."

Cadbury's Cocoa is a delicious beverage combining excellence of flavour with great sustenance, fortifying the system against cold. Highly beneficial to young and old at all times and all seasons.

"Dad
is as
happy



as his
boots are
bright."

He says: "We must all use it!"

And he is right; it is simply splendid - it alleviates all hard work, makes old boots shine as they never shone before, preserves all kinds of leather, and is literally im-

pregnated with sparkling, glistening, and brightening peculiarities which want to assert themselves upon your boots. It is very cheap, too, only 2d., 4d., and 6d., everywhere.

Now just try our elegant OUTFITS, will you? You will be surprised. They're the cheapest on the market, only 1/-, and so effective.

Of all Stores, Grocers, Oilmen, and Bootmakers.

MAKERS:

CHISWICK SOAP CO., LONDON, W.

The
CONNOISSEUR.

THE
MAGAZINE
DE LUXE.

December Issue,
Ready To-morrow, 1/-



December Issue,
Ready To-morrow, 1/-

THE
MAGAZINE
DE LUXE.

The
CONNOISSEUR.

**MADAME H. M. ROWLEY'S
TOILET MASK**

Or Face Glove (PATENTED)

is a natural beautifier for bleaching and preserving the skin and removing complexional imperfections.

It is soft and flexible in form, and can be worn without discomfort or inconvenience.

It is recommended by eminent physicians and scientists as a substitute for injurious cosmetics.

COMPLEXION BLEMISHES may be hidden imperfectly by cosmetics and powders, but can only be removed permanently by the Toilet Mask. By its use every kind of spots, impurities, roughness, &c., vanish from the skin, leaving it soft, clear, brilliant, and beautiful. It is harmless, costs little, and saves pounds uselessly expended for cosmetics, powders, lotions, &c. It prevents and removes wrinkles, and is both a complexion preserver and beautifier. Illustrated Treatise post free two stamps. Address :-

Mrs. H. M. ROWLEY,

THE TOILET MASK CO., (Dept. M) LONDON, W.

To be worn three times in the week.



Brings Beauty to every Face.

DR. MACKENZIE'S

**Complexion
Soap**

Preserves a fine complexion and restores a poor one, making it soft and smooth, and removing all blemishes. Tell your Chemist you must have "Mackenzie's." A box containing three 1/- tablets, delicately perfumed, sent post free for Postal Order 2/6. Write to-day.

S. HARVEY & CO., 2 and 4, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Our special forecast for to-day is: Squally westerly winds and gales; occasional showers of rain or hail; bright intervals; colder.

Lighting-up time for all vehicles, 4.30.

SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, North Sea, and Irish Channel, all very rough.

The Daily Mirror.

Monday, Nov. 30, 1903.

334th Day of Year.

31 days to Dec. 31.

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	1903.	Nov.	Dec.	
Sun.	6 13 20 27	
Mon.	30	7 14 21 28	
Tues.	1	8 15 22 29	
Wed.	2	9 16 23 30	
Thurs.	3	10 17 24 31	
Fri.	4	11 18 25	...
Sat.	5	12 19 26	...

To-Day's News at a Glance.

Home.

The King has taken the Championship, the Elkington Cup, the Thorley Cup, and the Tipper Challenge Prize with his Hereford at the Birmingham Show.

About half a million sterling was distributed in stakes during the flat-race season, which terminated at Manchester on Saturday.

The Rev. Stephen Gladstone's resignation of the living of Hawarden is announced by the "Liverpool Daily Post."

Lord Milner left London on Saturday for Southampton, en route for South Africa.

Speaking at Eastbourne on Saturday, Earl Grey said that the Public-house Trust intended to take action against any Bench which did what he believed to be an illegal act in granting a new licence in exchange for the giving up of old ones.

General Sir John French, at the parade service of the Cavalry Brigade at All Saints' Military Church, Aldershot, yesterday, unveiled a tablet to the memory of seventy-nine non-commissioned officers and men of the 13th Hussars who fell in South Africa.

At Prince's Restaurant, on Saturday, a complimentary banquet was given by the French colony in London to M. Paul Cambon, the French Ambassador, to celebrate his promotion in the Legion of Honour, in which he has received the Grand Cross.

Two of the governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Sir Henry Burdett and Mr. Andrew Motion, are attacking the scheme for the rebuilding of the hospital on the site of six and a half acres at Smithfield on the ground of inadequacy.

The London County Council will shortly issue an advertisement stating the date on which they are prepared to register motor-cars and license drivers under the new Act.

Scotsmen in London to-day celebrate St. Andrew's Day with the annual dinner of the Royal Scottish Corporation at the Hotel Cecil, and there will also be a Scottish concert at the Albert Hall.

A "Portrait of a Lady," by J. M. Nattier, was sold at Christie's on Saturday for 3,100 guineas.

Owing to the bad weather on Saturday, the projected Aero Club balloon flight and chase by motor-cars from the Crystal Palace was again postponed.

While walking on the railway line near Weymouth yesterday, Wm. Benjamin Bates, a visitor from Islington, was killed by a passing train.

A pair of mammoth's tusks in good preservation have been dug up at Sittingbourne, Kent.

Mr. J. Chater Hunt, J.P., formerly of Birmingham, died at Preston yesterday in his seventy-first year.

The first consignment of asparagus from Argentina to Covent Garden market has proved a failure.

The Home Secretary has decided that all the officers and men of the Metropolitan police force shall receive one day's extra pay in consideration of the duties imposed upon them during the recent visit of the King and Queen of Italy.

Political.

The dinner at which Mr. Chamberlain will be entertained by the gentlemen who have been associated with him at the Colonial Office, and which is to take place on December 7, will be of an entirely private character.

Mr. H. T. Eve, K.C., has consented to meet the Liberal Association of the Ashburton Division of Devonshire with a view to being adopted as the Liberal candidate.

Mr. Winston Churchill has signified in a long letter that he believes the new Fiscal proposals would, if brought into practice, seriously affect the welfare of post-office employees.

Mrs. George Cornwallis West, Mr. Winston Churchill's mother, has declined to preside at the annual meeting of the Randolph Churchill Habitation of the Primrose League to-morrow, on account of an address on Fiscal reform which will be delivered. She says she is not a protectionist, and characterises the movement as a "retrograde one."

Social.

The Duchess of Albany has given her patronage to a grand ball, which will take place on February 2 at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, in aid of the Waterloo Hospital for Children and Women.

Prince Arthur of Connaught is ill in the military hospital at Krugersdorp, near Johannesburg.

Foreign.

The wives of the English M.P.'s who visited Paris last week were entertained to an exhibition of old-fashioned French dancing at Versailles on Saturday.

Queen Christina, mother of the King of Spain, is indisposed.

The Tsaritsa's condition is improving.

Professor Gustav Muller, a German artist who died in Rome, has bequeathed to the German Government the sum of £12,000, the interest of which is to be employed in purchasing works of art at the international art exhibitions in Rome.

Ex-Captain Dreyfus has submitted a demand for the revision of his case to M. Valle, the French Minister of Justice.

The attempt of Signora Favata, the well-known Italian beauty and accomplished harpist, to commit suicide, was fortunately not successful.

Winter in Russia is fully established. The river Neva is now completely ice-bound.

The French Chamber of Deputies has voted £3,000 to enable labour unions to participate in the St. Louis Exposition.

Mr. Jules Levy, famous in Europe and America as a cornet player, died at Chicago on Saturday of apoplexy.

A discussion in the French Chamber regarding the numerous forgeries of which the Humbert "dossier" is said to be composed will probably take place to-morrow.

General Manning, with the 1st Infantry Brigade, arrived at Bohotle on Tuesday last on his return from Galadi.

Iu Shou, the Manchu Governor of Sochow, has been ordered to send a picked force of Manchu troops to Peking to assist in escorting the Empress Dowager on her intended westward journey.

According to the "Berliner Tageblatt," the Gordon Bennett automobile race, which is to be run in Germany next year, will be held in the neighbourhood of Homburg vor der Hoehe.

The man who handed a letter to President Roosevelt as he was leaving church after the funeral of his uncle in New York has been found by doctors to be a harmless lunatic.

The convention signed in Paris on July 29, 1902, between France and Great Britain, for the regulation of telephonic communication between the two countries, has been approved by the French Budget Committee.

The death is announced of General Rolducinda Roca, brother of President Roca of Argentina.

Two Russian newspapers at Tiflis have been suppressed for two months, as a punishment for "their attitude towards the Government," and a third has been forbidden to discuss "internal affairs" in its columns for the same period.

Brigadier-General W. H. Carter, of the United States Army, sailed for Europe on Saturday to study the breeding of Army horses in England and France.

Mdlle. Dilhan, the French lady barrister who defended the murderess at Toulouse, has succeeded in obtaining the lightest possible sentences for her client.

Law and Police Courts.

For setting fire to a cottage near Andover in which seven persons were sleeping, Joseph Hoggood, a labourer, was sentenced to twelve years' penal servitude at the Hants Assizes, Winchester, on Saturday.

It is understood that the man charged in connection with the shooting outrage at the Bank of England on Tuesday last will be brought up at the Mansion House on Wednesday next.

For refusing to aid a policeman in the execution of his duty when called upon in the name of the King, John Bolton, a cabman, was sent to prison for a month at Middlesex Sessions on Saturday.

Court



Circular.

Sandringham, Sunday, Nov. 29.

The King and Queen, the Royal Family, their Majesties' guests, and the Ladies and Gentlemen-in-Waiting, attended Divine service at Sandringham Church this morning.

The Rev. Canon Hervey, Domestic Chaplain, officiated.

CABINET COUNCILS.

Uneasiness Caused by Two Long Conferences.

FAR EAST SITUATION.

Japan Desires a Russian Answer This Week.

The two Cabinet Councils with which last week closed have, on account of their unusually long duration, produced some surprise and a great deal of speculation. Friday's meeting lasted two hours and a half. Saturday's conference occupied from 3 till 5 p.m. What could it mean? was the question in the political clubs.

Speculations and rumours became more circumstantial as they wandered far afield. For instance, in Berlin, on Saturday, there was published a specific statement that the Government had decided to dissolve Parliament, and that the general election would take place in February or March. This report is understood to travel considerably ahead of the facts. Members of the Cabinet are, of course, bound to strict secrecy as to their deliberations, and if they had come to such a decision as that circulated in Berlin it is certain they would take special means to prevent any risk of their plans being prematurely disclosed.

The Probable Explanation.

There is reason to believe (the Press Association says) that his Majesty's advisers fully realise that, in certain eventualities, they might feel constrained to appeal to the country. No official announcement as to the intentions of the Government in the matter is forthcoming.

Meantime the most recent of the allusions to the subject by Cabinet Ministers and by the chief Government Whip point to the probability of the general election being delayed beyond next year, barring accidents which cannot at present be foreseen.

The currency of dissolution rumours from time to time is mainly of interest as serving to indicate that outside official circles a degree of uncertainty prevails as to the political situation.

Not to be Rushed.

Reference to the probable duration of the Government was made on Saturday night at Catford by Mr. H. W. Forster, M.P., one of the Government Whips. The Government, he said, were determined not to be rushed out of office by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. They were there, and they meant to stop there. Besides the Fiscal question, there were other questions with which the Government had to deal.

The Foreign Outlook.

The belief among well-informed politicians appears to be that the Cabinet Councils on Friday and Saturday were occupied with, not merely the preliminary arrangements for the next Session, but also had to consider the Russo-Japanese position in regard to Korea.

DANGER IN THE EAST.

Growing Excitement in Japan Over Russia's Continued Silence.

It would be in the nature of things that the Cabinet should at the present moment take into consideration the exceedingly serious aspect of affairs in the Far East.

As Viscount Hayashi, the Japanese Ambassador to London, pointed out in an interview with Reuter's representative yesterday, Japan is still waiting for the reply of Russia. The Japanese Diet will reassemble on December 5, and the Viscount considers it is very desirable that this reply should be received before that date.

"It was, of course," his Excellency added, "well known that Japan would not acquiesce in any Russian aggression in Korea."

The 5th December is, as Viscount Hayashi indicates, a most important date. Recent telegrams from Japan have indicated an excited state of national feeling, and it is believed that if the Government meets the Houses unprepared with a definite statement of policy on the subject of Korea and Manchuria, there may be a popular explosion which will precipitate a crisis.

An incident illustrating the intensity of feeling is telegraphed this morning by Reuter. Mr. Oishi, ex-Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, who has lately visited Manchuria, has made a public speech in

which he strongly protested against the continual increase of the Russian forces in the Far East. He declared that Japan must suspend negotiations with Russia and demand the instant stoppage of their reinforcements, and, in the event of a refusal, resort to an appeal to arms.

One explanation from Tokio of the interruption of negotiations is the illness of the Tsaritsa, whom the Tsar never leaves for a moment.

YOUNG PRINCE'S ILLNESS.

Duke of Connaught's Son in a Transvaal Hospital.

Prince Arthur of Connaught, the only son of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who has been in the Transvaal with his regiment, is suffering from an attack of dysentery, which Reuter's correspondent describes as slight.

His Royal Highness is in the military hospital at Krugersdorp, near Johannesburg.

Prince Arthur will come of age on the 13th of next January, and he was gazetted Second Lieutenant to the 7th Hussars, one of his father's old regiments, two years ago.

The Prince, who is a fine, soldierly-looking young man, comes, through his father, to be grandson to the redoubtable "Red Prince," Frederick Carl of Prussia. This fact, however, does not seem to have weighed with him when he, as well as the Duke of Connaught, renounced his claims to the Grand Duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

He was always devoted to the Army, and his disappointment when Queen Victoria decided against his accompanying his cousin, Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, to South Africa was extreme. He felt the Queen's veto all the more since certain of his friends and contemporaries at Eton, notably Lord Brooke, had managed to get to the front.

But all comes to him who was, and Prince Arthur has now been in South Africa some time. He is, and has always been, devoted to the mounted arm, and is said to have in him the making of a fine cavalry leader.

All his hobbies are connected with his profession; he is said to have an enthusiastic admiration of Lord Kitchener, and to be more familiar with the story of Wellington's campaigns than is any other young officer of his age in the Kingdom.

CO-EDUCATION OF THE SEXES.

Opinions of the Leading Professors at Every University.

The Press of the United States, and those that are in charge of the American universities where women students are admitted, have recently executed a remarkable change of front. They have decided that the bright and only American girl is a drag on the wheel, that she retards her male associates, and that she should be interned in institutions where her inferiority would do no harm.

Startled by this second American Revolution, M. Andée Téry, a contributor to that very excellent Parisian journal, "La Revue," has approached the leading professors of almost every European university that is open to students of both sexes, and the results of his inquiries are now set forth.

At Oxford, Professor Harcourt finds no objection to the fair girl undergraduate, provided she hang her hat outside and give the ordinary Varsity man a fair view of such experiments as are toward.

The Americans are saying that among their university-educated women there has so far arisen "no Tolstoi or even a Gorki." Why they want a second Gorki we fail to understand, for one is more than enough.

The European professors who have answered M. Téry are not so exigent. They are quite content to produce lady doctors, chemists, and botanists of fair average capacity; and they lay special stress on the fact that co-education exercises a refining influence on the men who work side by side with women of similar tastes and breeding to their own.

The woman student, they agree, is more receptive than creative, and seldom or never reaches the first rank. For this she lacks the necessary stamina. A superior education, too, does not tend to destroy their womanliness, or to turn them from their natural vocation of wife and mother.

LORD MILNER'S RETURN.

Lord Milner has slipped away from England very quietly to resume his duties in South Africa, after a holiday which no doubt has benefited him in every way, but has not removed the careworn expression that these last three years of storm and stress implanted on his face.

Only a few friends said good-bye at Waterloo on Saturday afternoon, among them the new Colonial Secretary and Mrs. Lyttelton. He has sailed on the Dunottar Castle, which is also taking to South Africa the Christmas mails.

Ballet in a Palace.

Pleasant Surprise for the M.P.'s Ladies at Versailles.

Automobile Club's Entertainment.

The British M.P.'s and their ladies—perhaps it would be more appropriate to say the British ladies and their M.P.'s—were charmed with their visit to Versailles on Saturday.

Except the shopping in the Rue de la Paix, no single item in the programme has pleased them so much. And this notwithstanding a pitiless rain from morning to night.

A Seventeenth Century Surprise.

One pretty little surprise that M. de Nolhac had arranged for his guests delighted them immensely. In the stately Gallery of Mirrors, where the Grand Monarque used to open the Court balls in person, they found a piano and velvet, gold-embroidered chairs arranged as if for theatricals.

The mystery was soon explained. Unknown even to the French deputies, the Versailles establishment had asked the three sisters Mante, of the Opéra ballet corps, to reproduce the dances of the seventeenth century in this superb apartment. Mademoiselle Blanche Mante was dressed in a robe of salmon and silver as a Watteau shepherdess; Mademoiselle Suzanne, in green and silver, was a Marquise of Louis Quinze; and Mademoiselle Louise was a nobleman, with the powdered periwig, sword, and rich costume of the same period.

These ladies reproduced the stately gavottes and minuets with such grace and effect that the imaginations of everyone went back to the times when the timid La Vallière, the haughty Montespan, and the discreet Madame de Maintenon, uncrowned Queen of France, paced the floor of this lordly chamber. As a French paper puts it, "les ladies et les Misses applaudissent avec frénésie," and after one minuet there were several male British voices that cried "Encore, encore!"

The Ladies' Request.

Then lunch was served in the Gallery of Battles. The ladies only had the privilege of seats. All the men ate standing, and gallantly acted the part of waiters. The French deputies were naturally among the more "empressés" in this respect.

The ladies, indeed, have conquered all hearts. "Toutes charmantes," says the "Figaro" of them.

Then there were speeches of the familiar kind—among them one from Mr. Miller, a Canadian visitor—who recalled the ties that bound his country to France. M. Gaston Menier, with much gallantry and in admirable English, proposed the English ladies.

A visit to the Trianon followed, in which some of the English ladies—"valiant as they are," in the language of a Frenchman of the party—did the journey on foot in the pouring rain, the supply of carriages being insufficient.

A Senator Sings.

The return was gay. A Senator, who has a great admiration for the old French music, made his fine voice heard in the train as far as Paris.

"I see the French M.P.'s have several strings to their bows," said an English Member.

After the return the visitors (says Reuter) assembled in the Hôtel Continental, and each Member was presented with a silver commemorative plaque, given by the directors of the "Siècle," which has for the last thirty years laboured to bring about the rapprochement which is now being celebrated.

At 5.30 a reception was given by the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris at the Ellysée Palace Hotel, and in the evening the visitors attended a theatrical entertainment at the Automobile Club. The beautiful hall of the club presented a splendid spectacle, and in the programme were included the principal artists of Paris.

A Quiet Sunday.

Yesterday the English had the morning to themselves, several attending service at the chapel of the British Embassy. In the afternoon there was a largely attended "five o'clock" at the Embassy, Lady Monson doing the honours with much grace.

An interview with Lord Brassey appears in the "Temps." His lordship said: "What is now happening has been the dream of my whole life. I have never ceased to work for it and to hope for it. My faith was based not only on observation of economic conditions, but on an ardent love for France. I hope the 'entente cordiale' is a fact for ever."

The M.P.'s are to spend a day at Cannes before their return.

Explosion at a Hospital.

Five persons were seriously burned at Victoria Hospital for Children, Tite-street, Chelsea, on Saturday night, owing to a gas explosion. A quantity of gas had accumulated in the disinfecting-room, which is situated in the basement, and was ignited by a light in the passage, on the door of the room being opened.

A porter of the hospital, George Anderson, aged forty-six; Mary Anderson, his wife; their son and daughter, Mary and Walter, aged twenty-three and fourteen; and George Purvis, aged forty-nine, who was visiting them, were all badly burned about the face, hands, and feet.

Gone to the Unknown.

Balloonists' Terrible Voyage Over the Atlantic.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Lisbon, Nov. 25.

Nothing else is talked of here and in Oporto but the mystery surrounding the fate of the balloon Lusitania, with Senhor Belchior da Fonseca, the inventor, and two other well-known members of the Oporto society on board.

The ascent was made on Saturday, the 21st instant. The balloon rose to a great height, and, impelled by a strong wind, was carried across Lixos Bay and out to sea. What has become of the occupants no one knows. On the 22nd the Lusitania was sighted by the captain of the Portuguese steamer Cabo Verdi about eight miles off Aveiro Port. He states that the balloon seemed to be falling, and that he distinctly saw two figures gesticulating wildly.

Thinking they were asking for assistance, he manoeuvred his ship so as to meet them, when, to his astonishment they began to throw out ballast, and the balloon rose rapidly. The captain believes the aeronauts were mad with fright, and did not know what they were doing. A strong gale was blowing at the time, and the sea was high. Supposing they did not die or fall into the sea on the way, they should have been carried straight to Morocco in a few hours.

To-night's telegrams state that on Sunday the balloon was seen from Funchal, Madeira, travelling with enormous velocity southwards. According to the captain of another ship, the Lusitania when sighted was moving rapidly in the direction of Newfoundland.

These reports are keeping everybody in a state of the greatest excitement. There is little or no hope for the aeronauts. Even if they have not been dashed to pieces, they have no provisions except a dozen sandwiches, a bottle of water, and a flask of brandy.

Violent indignation continues to be displayed against the captain of the steamer Searchlight, who met the balloon off the Portuguese coast, and who is alleged to have refused to assist the aeronauts, although the trail ropes hung so low that he moved his ship out of the way.

SCOTTISH HISTORY.

Lord Rosebery Discourses on a Gardening Book of the 18th Century.

The versatility of Lord Rosebery is unbounded. After two speeches on the fiscal question, and unveiling a tablet dedicated to Lord Macaulay and presiding over a meeting of the governing body of Epsom College on Thursday, his lordship finished up the week by addressing the Scottish Historical Society of Edinburgh, of which he is president, on Saturday afternoon.

Lord Rosebery's lengthy and interesting address consisted mainly of a plea for the purely human document as opposed to such fragments as appealed to the scientific historian. He instanced among the society's recent publications several which fulfilled this function to the letter; mentioning an epistle sent by Mary Queen of Scots to the Duke of Guise, an account of a somewhat Rabelaisian journey from Edinburgh to the West, undertaken in the year 1641, and the will of the ill-fated Charlotte Stuart, Duchess of Albany.

But the chief plum in the basket, a set of papers which deserved separate attention in these days of gardening books, trachy, and otherwise, was a collection of homely letters addressed by Cockburn of Ormiston to his gardener in the first half of the eighteenth century.

"A BAG OF SWALLOWS."

We regret to find that our report of this case at the Croydon Police Court was incomplete, and, therefore, to some extent misleading.

The following points which the defence proved should have been mentioned to make the facts clear—

1. The expenditure of Mr. Laycock on the shoot, which he rented from the present tenants of the farm, for preserving, feeding, keeping, and rent was at least £150, which the amount Mr. Bates agreed to pay for it; and

2. Not only were the pheasants put in the hole without the sanction or knowledge of Mr. Laycock, but Strudwick, the keeper, swore that the trick was taught him by one of Mr. Bates's witnesses, a dismissed farm servant.

Further than this, Mr. Laycock did not "put all the blame for the absence of game on the weather"; on the other hand, he stated that he believed the game was, and is, in the wood, as represented, and, if the case had proceeded, we are informed that witnesses would have been called to show why the complainant's bag was so small.

The opening chapters of Mr. Anthony Hope's new novel, "DOUBLE HARNESS," will appear exclusively in the "Daily Mirror" to-morrow.

A Widow's Love Affair.

Prosecution for Alleged Forgery of Love Letters.

Forging of love-letters was one of the charges alleged in an indictment for perjury against Mrs. Hannah Evans, an elderly widow, Thomas Evans, her son, aged thirty, and Jane Davies, at the Cardiff Assizes on Saturday.

At the Assizes in March last Mrs. Evans sued Edward Thomas, a widower, aged fifty-eight, for breach of promise, and claimed £1,000 damages. The jury, however, decided in favour of Mr. Thomas.

The widow and her witnesses told a tale brimming over with romance and pathos. Mr. Thomas's account differed materially. His version was that after some business transactions between himself and the widow, Mrs. Evans suddenly asked him, "Will you marry me a week to-morrow, Edward Thomas?" "I will never marry you, Hannah Evans," he replied.

While the breach of promise action was being heard, the handwriting expert, Mr. Gurrin, declared that the love-letters which Mrs. Davies had put in as evidence against Mr. Thomas had been written by the widow herself.

There was a crowded court on Saturday when the trial for perjury opened before Mr. Justice Bruce. Counsel for the prosecution, opening the case, alleged that Mrs. Evans, after finding that corroboration was necessary in an action for breach of promise, manufactured documentary corroboration with the assistance of her son and Mrs. Davies. Thomas Evans's alleged share being that he prepared a draft of one of the letters to Thomas and also swore that his mother received some of the alleged forgeries through the post.

Mr. Thomas in his evidence denied writing to Mrs. Evans, and said she visited him disguised in male clothes. "She looked so big," he said, "wore a man's clothes and a bowler hat, and had three inches of moustache on." Her voice, however, betrayed her.

The case will be continued to-day.

THE LATE SIR BLUNDELL MAPLE.

Impressive Services in London, St. Albans, and Newmarket.

On Saturday, in the chapel of his own palatial seat, at Childwickbury, St. Albans, the remains of the late Sir John Blundell Maple, Bart., M.P., were laid to rest.

The funeral service was simple and impressive, only relatives and intimate friends being present. Baron von Eckhardstein, the late baronet's son-in-law, was the chief mourner, and the little congregation also included Sir John's brothers-in-law, the directors of Messrs. Maple and Co., and several employes.

The remains were enclosed in a massive oak coffin, covered with a magnificent pall, composed entirely of violets edged with lilies of the valley. On one side was the word "Daddy" and on the other "Peace, Perfect Peace," spelt out in white flowers. This was sent by the deceased's daughter. Lady Maple sent a beautiful floral harp; and the chapel was full of similar tributes, more than 160 wreaths having been received. The service, which was choral, was conducted by the local clergy.

On Saturday also a memorial service was held at St. Pancras Church, at which Prince Christian was represented, and at which, also, the entire staff of Messrs. Maple and Co. was present. The Mayor and Mayoress of St. Pancras were prominent mourners; the aldermen and borough councillors attended in their robes.

At Newmarket a third service was held, attended by Sir John's large racing connection.

LONDON'S GIANT RAILWAY SCHEME.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

New York, Sunday Night.

Mr. Charles T. Yerkes has given an interesting interview on the subject of his London electric railway scheme. He says £17,000,000 will be spent on surface and underground lines, and that Americans will invest £8,000,000 in these enterprises.

Mr. Yerkes says the equipment will be of American manufacture, and that the cars for the tunnels will be non-inflammable, as shown by tests. The largest power station in the world will be built at Chelsea Creek, at a cost of £1,250,000.

RETURNABLE WEDDING PRESENTS.

Agnes Gee, living at South Acton, was summoned at West London Police Court, on Saturday, for detaining a wedding ring and other articles belonging to Frederick Lumley. The young man said that they were engaged to be married. Six weeks ago the engagement was broken off and the defendant refused to give up the presents she had received from him.

The defendant admitted that he was entitled to the wedding ring, but she did not think she ought to return a kitchen table, a gravy spoon, and a knife-box. The magistrate considered that a man did not give a young woman a kitchen table except with a view to their future common use of it, and ordered the "presents" to be returned.

SHORT FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

TO KNIGHT W. G. GRACE.

Mr. A. E. Rendle, President of the Metropolitan Cricket League of New York, has inaugurated a movement for petitioning King Edward to confer a knighthood on Dr. W. G. Grace "for his services in inculcating the sportsmanship of the game among British youths."

A BLIND GERMAN DOCTOR.

A young blind student, named Ludwig Cohn, has been promoted to the degree of doctor at the Berlin University. He takes a strong interest in the question of the labouring classes, and has written an extensive work on Political Science. He intends writing further works on the same subject, and will then turn his attention to journalism.

"THE" AND ITS LITERATURE.

Members of "The Watch and Ward Society of New England" raided on Saturday several Boston bookshops for what they considered improper literature. Boccaccio's "Decameron," the "Heptameron," the works of Rabelais, and other well-known classics were marked down for destruction. The society announces that it will prosecute the chief public library of the city for harbouring such writings.

THE LATE POPE'S MONUMENT.

The late Pope, Leo XIII., is to have a great monument, and, like the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes, it is to stand upon the mountain tops. Leo XIII.'s native place was Carpineto, and from the mountains which encircle the town the monument will look down. The present Pope has promised moral and material help and a special committee will seek aid from all Roman Catholic churches. In Great Britain, Cardinal Logue, Archbishop Bourne, and the Duke of Norfolk will be applied to.

DEMONSTRATIONS AGAINST AUSTRIA.

Torrents of rain fell in Rome on Saturday evening, and quenched all possibility of the threatened anti-Austrian demonstration by Italian students. These had been so much feared that the Austrian Embassies and Consulate in the city—and also the Consulates in all other Italian towns—were guarded by police. In Turin the students burnt the Austrian flag.

At Genoa on Saturday night, during the performance at one of the theatres, the students began a violent demonstration, and the police were compelled to clear the theatre.

£1,200,000 FOR PRINCESS HATZFELD.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

New York, Sunday Night.

The official appraisal of the estate of Mr. Collis P. Huntington, the railroad capitalist, whose adopted daughter is Princess Hatzfeldt, has just become known.

After payment of all obligations, the estate amounts to £5,660,353, instead of £15,000,000, as was estimated. Princess Hatzfeldt got £200,000 under the will, but effected a private settlement with the widow, under which the Princess got about £1,200,000 altogether.

The appraisers found that Mr. Huntington had £2,000,000 in stocks now considered valueless.

Mr. Huntington's widow and nephew, Mr. Henry Huntington, get the bulk of the estate.

TWO NOBLE LIVES.

A tablet in memory of the late Emperor and Empress Frederick was unveiled by Princess Henry of Battenberg on Saturday at the New Hospital for Women. Her Royal Highness afterwards paid a visit to the cancer ward, where is the bed dedicated to their Majesties' memory.

Mrs. Fawcett said throughout her life the Empress Frederick had wished "to extend to women opportunities for scientific research," and this hospital was an embodiment of that aspiration.

A DISTINGUISHED "RANKER."

Lieut.-Colonel Carter, second in command of the First Life Guards at Windsor, did not take leave of his old regiment on Saturday, as stated by some of the papers.

His time, however, is nearly up, and he sails in a few days for South Africa, with Lieutenant Freeman, who is in ill-health. Colonel Carter is expected to be away several months, and on his return will say farewell to his regiment, in which he has risen from trooper to lieutenant-colonel during thirty-three years' service.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE OUTLOOK.

There was a small Stock Exchange failure on Saturday; it did not excite much interest, and was not a matter of any great importance. Saturday is never a very busy day on the Stock Exchange, and the markets fully lived up to their reputation. Nevertheless, the tone was good. It was a carry-over day in Consols, and the stock was put better for the new account.

The South African mining market is very uncertain. The market professed a lively disregard for the minority report of the Labour Commission at Johannesburg, and majority said that the Transvaal wanted 400,000 natives, that they could not be secured in South Africa, and that other supplies were necessary. The minority of two, against the majority of twelve, said that the Transvaal wants were not in the Transvaal, but in the rest of Africa, and that there was no necessity to go outside. We must take our choice as to which we believe in, and the majority is in the minority. But, nevertheless, they were a very considerable majority.

KAISER'S RACE DEFERRED.

The Disappointment is Attributed to His Illness.

The German Emperor's indisposition has led, according to the "New York Herald," to his withdrawal of his offer of a cup for the Transatlantic yacht race in 1904.

This withdrawal is, however, only in the nature of a postponement, as it is the Kaiser's present intention to offer a trophy to be contended for in 1905.

It will be recalled how Sir Thomas Lipton offered a cup simultaneously with his Majesty, how the English baronet withdrew in favour of his august rival, and how the German Emperor sent an effusive and expensive telegraphic acknowledgment of Sir Thomas Lipton's courtesy.

The Emperor has notified Commodore Tod that owing to his protracted convalescence he has been prevented from seeing his yachting advisers at the date at which he intended to fix the details for the Atlantic Cup race, and the time is now too far advanced for designers and builders of new yachts to get the craft ready for the contest this coming spring.

New York yachtsmen are said not to be surprised at the reported withdrawal, and say it was the only course left the Kaiser in order to avoid causing an open rupture between the New York and the Atlantic yacht clubs, with whom the idea of a dual control was not popular.

The "Kleine Presse" of Frankfurt states that, according to trustworthy information, the Emperor William's health is not quite so favourable as the official bulletin make out. His Majesty looks extremely fatigued.

Prince Frederick Charles of Hesse and his consort, a sister of the Emperor, are proceeding to Berlin on a visit.

Against this pessimistic news may be placed a telegram from Berlin yesterday, which said it was hoped that the Emperor would be able to open the Reichstag in person.

Professor Schmidt, who performed the operation on the Emperor's throat, has been made a member of the Privy Council, with the title of "Excellency."

LADY'S DEFENCE OF A MURDERESS.

Girl Barrister of Twenty-six Who Charms a French Jury.

"For the defence, Maitre Dihan." At those words, spoken in the Court of Toulouse, a slight feminine figure rose and bowed to the judge. It was Mademoiselle Dihan, the first lady lawyer who has ever defended in a French murder trial. She appeared as advocate for a woman named Dumas, who murdered her son-in-law after a violent quarrel. Though a favourable verdict was impossible, the lady lawyer succeeded in gaining the lightest possible sentence for her client.

Mademoiselle Dihan is of medium height, dark haired, and dark eyed. She has a silvery voice and a befitting gravity of manner. She has so effective a way of appeal to the sympathies that the judge half-way through the trial was heard to murmur, "The stage has lost another Rachel in our new confère."

"You have mothers and sisters of your own," she said impressively to the jury. "Can you say with truth none of them has ever raised a hand against you in anger? My client's hand had a knife in it, but that was her misfortune, not her crime."

Mademoiselle Dihan, who is twenty-six, and looks well in her robes, gained her "mitigating circumstances" plea by sheer personal charm.

HISTORIAN'S NOTEPAPER WILL.

The most interesting will in to-day's list is that of the late Mr. Lecky. The famous author of "England in the Eighteenth Century" and "The Rise of Rationalism" left an estate of £30,127 gross. His will, which was made on a half-sheet of notepaper, closely written in his own hand, directed a legacy of £500 to Mr. Lecky's sister, Miss B. C. J. Lecky, all the rest of his property being left to the widow, who was daughter of Baron de Dedem, Lieutenant-General of the Dutch Army.

A Mr. Malcolm McIntyre, of Edinburgh, who has left £16,600 in personal estate, seems to have lived in a very modest way. His personal effects are valued at only £49.

"THE SAME AS THE QUEEN."

What a power is the power of Royalty! Since the King and Queen bought Caledon and Foxford tweeds at the Irish Industries Exhibition in Windsor, there has been a much brisker demand for these materials at the Industries' shop in Motcomb-street. Numbers of people want to wear the same stuff as the King and Queen.

Newtonards scarves, such as the Queen bought of Lady Londonderry, are also much sought after, especially by lady motorists; and the supply of the pretty little dolls from Ireland to the London depot has had to be increased since the Queen of Italy took home a family of them for her little girls to play with.

TEMPERANCE SUNDAY.

Church and Nonconformity Discuss the Drink Question.

Yesterday was "Temperance Sunday," and in almost every church or chapel in the kingdom sermons were preached discussing the great Drink Question.

At St. John's, Westminster, Canon Wilberforce spoke words of warning, instancing, among other examples, that the Moseley Commission had reported that the superior condition of the American working-man arose from the fact that he did not back horses and did not drink. England was slowly but surely going down before the drink pestilence, he said, and to imagine that fiscal reform could save us was the silliest of silly dreams. Their hope for the future lay in the unquestioned legal fact that a license was granted for a year only, and that the magistrates had absolute discretion to refuse or renew it. He would have nothing to do with any change in this state of affairs.

At Christ Church, Westminster, the Rev. F. B. Meyer declared that the Church must banish alcohol from the Communion table; no drink manufacturer or drink-seller must be permitted among her officers; and no "drink money" must swell her coffers.

PLENTY OF MONEY FOR PICTURES

In Spite of Hard Times.

The first important sale of pictures this season was held at Christie's on Saturday. Some good prices were obtained.

The catalogue included a small collection of the late Sir W. R. Williams, Bart., and a number of paintings from various sources.

The highest price of the day, 3,100gs. (Huggins), was given for a "Portrait of a Young Lady," by Nattier, signed, and dated 1745: this picture cannot rank with the finest achievements of the *peintre des grâces*, but the lady's complexion has that exquisitely soft and peach-like quality which is characteristic of Nattier, and which, if true to nature, must have made the ladies of the Court of Louis XV. very attractive.

A pretty oval, "Head of a Girl," which fetched 500gs., was somewhat rashly attributed to Watteau. It probably belongs to the French school of that period.

Among the English pictures, the best was a small but charming Hopper, "Portrait of Lady Coote," which, though not in the best condition, was a bargain at 520gs. (A. Wertheimer).

By Raeburn there was a good portrait of "Master Hay," which was knocked down for 700gs. (Laurie).

A Reynolds sold for 230gs., and a Romney for 360gs.

A little picture by Gerard Terburg, described in that classic book of reference, Smith's "Catalogue Raisonné," reached 1,300gs. (Agnew). It is probably an early work of the artist, and represents a young lady seated at a table reading a letter. When last sold at auction, in 1850, it fetched only 92gs.

DOCTORS AND CRIME.

A curious attempt is being made by the Chief Constable of Birmingham to discover the criminal guilty of the murder of a child whose body was found in the street. The method adopted has been to send a circular to medical men asking them to communicate with the police should they come across a female patient, in the course of their practice, in circumstances which would arouse suspicion. A medical paper thinks that professional secrecy would prevent any such evidence being given by the doctors.

A leading London physician, interviewed on this painful subject, declared most emphatically that it was impossible for any member of the medical profession to assist the police at the expense of the humblest of his patients.

"Our consulting rooms should be as sacred as the Catholic confessional," said the medical man; "and if we create a precedent in this instance, a certain section of the public may not only fight shy of responsible medical advice, but create a legion of quacks and unqualified practitioners who, besides injuring the health of their patients, will be able to blackmail and otherwise molest them with impunity. I myself am totally opposed to any tampering with the secrecy that, at present, is law and a point of honour among my colleagues."

General.

The Lord Mayor presides at the annual festival of the governors of the Royal Scottish Corporation, at the Holborn Restaurant.

The Royal Society.—Annual banquet at the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman at Newport.

Theatres.

Apollo, "The Girl from Kay's," 8.
Criterion, "Billy's Little Love Affair," 9.
Bald's, "A Country Girl," 8.
Drury Lane, "The Flood Tide," 8.
Duke of York's, "Letty," 8.
Gaiety, "The Orchid," 8.
Haymarket, "Cousin Kate," 9.

THE RAIN RECORD.

The Recent Fall Places 1903 Far Beyond Other Wet Years.

The year, not content with being simply the wettest on record, seems determined to establish a precedent that should not easily be passed.

Over an inch of rain fell during the twenty-four hours between Friday and Saturday mornings, and the fall on Saturday night and yesterday morning must have been almost as much. The record has now passed forty inches for only eleven months of the year—this being far in excess of the previous wettest year, 1879.

Over vast areas the country resembles a great lake. The Thames at Moseley Lock rose no less than two feet yesterday, the rapidity being such that it is difficult to find a precedent during many years. The waterlogged condition of the land, which refuses to absorb fresh moisture, is the explanation.

Many riverside lawns and boathouses are flooded, and many small river craft have been carried away. A large part of the county of Surrey is under water, and foot traffic was impossible in the Moseley and Esher district. Many football grounds were so flooded as to render play out of the question.

Essex has suffered severely. At Hull Bridge, near Southend, high tides have destroyed the seawall, which had just been reconstructed at the cost of thousands of pounds, and the surrounding country is under water. The rain in this district had last night fallen continuously for sixty hours. The country round Bishop's Stortford and Saffron Walden—the Moat Farm district—is so flooded that traffic is impossible on many roads.

About a hundred yards of the Bromley and Sevenoaks road at Catford have subsided, the water mains and sewers being broken and traffic stopped. The agricultural districts are in terrible straits, the crops in many places being still not threshed.

The storm which swept the coast on Saturday night has left a number of wrecks in its track. The most serious incident happened to the destroyer H.M.S. Dove, which returned to Portsmouth in a damaged condition. She was caught in a heavy sea off the Isle of Wight and badly battered, losing her chart table and other deck structures.

The storm was general. A French sloop was dashed to pieces near Bayonne, and it is feared several fishing boats have gone down in the Bay of Biscay.

IMPURE MILK.

Diseased Cows Cause an Epidemic at Woking.

In Woking, Surrey, a large number of persons have suddenly been attacked by a mysterious disease, due, it is believed, to the consumption of impure milk; and Dr. Pierce, the local medical officer of health, has enquired into the matter with the following results.

He discovered that the symptoms of the epidemic were sore throat and headache, accompanied by pains in the back; that the inmates of ninety-eight houses were suffering from this particular complaint; and that, of the ninety-eight, no less than seventy-six obtained their supply of milk from two particular dairymen.

His next step was to visit the farm from which these dairymen were supplied. Here he discovered four cows, among twenty, whose udders were diseased. The farmer denied that the milk given by these cows was mixed with that of the others, but admitted that he and his family had suffered from sore throats.

Bacteriological examinations proved that the cows were suffering from disease, and means are being taken to check the spread of the disease, and to stamp out the epidemic that is at present raging at Woking.

The Local Government Board considers the matter so serious that they have called for a special medical report.

A STRIKING PROPOSAL.

M. Casimir-Perier, ex-president of the French Republic, delivered an interesting and important speech yesterday before the Congress of Social Hygiene. He advocated the federation of all associations for combating tuberculosis and alcoholism, and of all friendly societies and associations for providing cheap housing accommodation.

SHORT HOME NEWS.

THE EARL'S COURT EXHIBITIONS.

The intention of holding an Austrian industrial exhibition in the grounds of Earl's Court in 1905 has been abandoned (a telegram from Vienna states) as only sixty-nine firms had declared their willingness to take part in it, while at least one thousand were required to make it a success. The Austrian Government had promised a subsidy of £40,000.

THEOLOGY IN THE BAR-ROOM.

A rather remarkable personage has just passed away at White Waltham, near Maidenhead. Mrs. Mary Lee, who had kept the Bee Hive Inn for fifty-two years, used to walk into the taproom on Sundays with her Bible and read and expound the Scriptures to her customers, who much appreciated her ministrations.

LONDON'S EIGHT DEATHS AN HOUR.

Speaking on Saturday night at Ealing, the Bishop of London said that one person died every eight minutes in London. There could be no spiritual consolation for the dying or comfort for the mourners until there was more than one clergyman to every 3,000 or 4,000 of the population. He appealed on behalf of the Bishop of London's Fund, which sought to remedy this deficiency of clergy.

A FRIEND OF SUFFERING CHILDREN.

The death has occurred at Derby of Miss Cupiss, who devoted her life to acts of practical philanthropy. She was the daughter of a Derbyshire clergyman. Her main interest was to alleviate the sufferings of little children, and chiefly by her generosity the Derbyshire hospital for sick children was founded twenty-six years ago. During the whole of this period she acted as honorary lady superintendent, rejecting all pecuniary reward and contributing largely to the funds.

SUNDAY SHAVING.

The absurdity of the continuance on the statute-book of the old laws against Sunday trading was brought out on Saturday by a case at High Wycombe, in which a hairdresser was fined for the 102nd time for shaving and cutting hair on Sunday. The culprit regards the proceeding of the magistrates who fine him as a joke, and puts up in his shop a placard bearing these words:—

"102 not out: still running."

CLUB FOR DEAF AND DUMB.

The Chief Rabbi, in consecrating a new club for the use of the deaf and dumb members of the East End Ghetto, last Saturday, was surprised to be greeted with a speech by one of the pupils who had been born dumb. How many of the 29,000 deaf and dumb persons in England belonged to the 100,000 Jewish inhabitants, he was unable to say, but at one time there were no less than fifty aliens from Russia under the care of one of the teachers.

SEVEN SENTENCES OF DEATH.

No fewer than seven condemned murderers are at present awaiting execution. Two of these criminals were soldiers when their crimes were committed. In four instances the victims were women.

The latest of these sentences of death was passed on Saturday at the Hereford Assizes, when William Hayward, a quarryman, aged 61, was proved to have killed his wife—herself a quarry worker also—under circumstances so shocking as to raise doubts about his sanity. The man's daughters were in court, and when sentence was pronounced one of them exclaimed, "Good-bye, dad!"

END OF THE FLAT-RACING SEASON.

The flat-racing season came to a close at Manchester on Saturday, appropriately enough making its exit in a downpour of rain. The season has been the wettest for nearly a century. To the turf historian it will be known as the "Scripture" season, because of the success of Sir James Miller, the owner of the Derby winner, Rock Sam, heads the list of winning owners with close upon £25,000. Mr. Leopold and Rothschild and Mr. Gubbins are next, each with a trifling over £18,000, and Major Estace Loder, the owner of Pretty Polly, is fourth, with nearly £16,000, earned principally by the unbeaten Pretty Polly. The 14th Sir Edmund Napier, whose death is an irreparable loss to the British turf, holds fifth place with £15,000, as a result of fifty-eight races, and Mr. W. Bass, the owner of Scripture, follows with £14,000. Altogether upwards of five hundred thousand pounds have been distributed in stakes during the season, and during the past twenty-one years the total amount of money won in stakes has reached the colossal sum of nearly ten millions and a half sterling.

The great struggle between Mr. Miller and Lane for the premiership in the Winning Jockeys' List has during the past six weeks excited almost as much interest as racing itself. Although Madden eventually obtained first place with 154 wins out of 811 mounts, Lane possesses a better average of winners, he having scored 149 times out of 744 tries.

Saturday's results at Manchester were:—
Race. Winner. Rider. Price.
Forewell Pet (20) Sister Sarah... Platt... 100 to 8
Stand Pet (9)... Otherwise... Doyle... 5 to 1
November H'p (34) 1 Switchback... McIntyre... 25 to 1
Worsley N'v (14) Andromeda... Miller... 100 to 7
Final Pet (3)... Madden... 8 to 1
(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of runners)

During the three days' racing at Manchester no fewer than 265 horses ran in the different races. As to-day's Manchester National Hunt Meeting the following may prove successful:—Steechford Hurdle—King's Head, King's Norton Steeplechase—Sequel II, or Boar, Cleverly Hurdle—Ormeau or Drumshoreland, Smetwick Steeplechase—De Rougement or Hughath Lath; Three-year-old Hurdle—Chicoutout Belle or Willie Selby; Selby Oub Steeplechase—Icon or St. Benet.

M.C.C. v. QUEENSLAND.

The Englishmen have the better of this match at Brisbane. Though the M.C.C. were 27 runs behind on the last innings, Arnold and Brown bowled so well on Saturday that the Colonials lost nine wickets in their second innings for 80, so that, with one wicket to fall, they are only 17 runs on, a feat which should not be little difficult to the English batsmen to surpass when they enter on their second innings to-day.

To-Day's Arrangements.

His Majesty's, "King Richard II." 8.15.
Imperial, "Monsieur Beauchamp," 8.30.
Lyric, "The Duchess of Dantzic," 8.
New Theatre, "Mrs. Corring's Necklace," 8.55.
Prince of Wales's, "The School Girl," 8.
Queen's (Small Hall), "The Follies," 3.15.
Royal Court, "The Tempest," 8.30.
Royalty, "Heimat," 8.15.
Shaftesbury, "In Dahomey," 8.15.
St. James's, "The Cardinal," 8.30.
Strand, "A Chinese Honeymoon," 8.
Terry's, "My Lady Molly," 8.15.
Yvonneville, "Queen Street," 8.30.
Wyndham's, "Little Mary," 9.

* Matinees are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.

ENGLAND'S SHAME.

THE CRIME AGAINST THE CHILDREN.

II.—OFFICIAL OPTIMISM.

By ROBERT H. SHERARD,

Author of "The White Slaves of England."

IT seems to be the opinion of those officially connected with the supervision of children that London, as far as the exploitation of child-labour is concerned, compares very favourably with many provincial cities.

One of my first visits on beginning this inquiry was to the offices of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in Leicester-square, where I had a conversation with the Rev. Benjamin Waugh.

You will find very little abuse on the part of parents and employers towards children in London nowadays (he said). The children are too well looked after. There is our Society with its 200 officers, there are the factory-inspectors, there is the School Board with its officers.

The same opinion was repeated to me by the Society's inspector in the East End, Mr. Hall, who was twenty-five years in the police force before he joined the S.P.C.C., and has an intimate acquaintance with the *bas-fonds* of London.

I have only had one case of child-sweating in my district for many months past (was Mr. Hall's report), that of a lad called Harvey, a child of nine, whose parents live in Back Church-lane. I found him hawking in the streets at eleven at night, and he had been cruelly starved and beaten besides.

Thirty Hours a Week at 1d. an Hour.

At the School Board offices a similar optimism seemed to reign. The abuses of child-labour had been greatly put down. The Employment of Children Act, 1903, which comes into force on January 1, 1904 (for which Dr. Macnamara is mainly to be thanked), would still further reduce the evil. Yet from one of the reports published by the School Attendance Committee one learns the following facts:—

1,143 children work from 19 to 27 hours per week.
729 children work from 30 to 39 hours per week.
285 children work from 40 hours and above per week.

Of these, 309 children are employed at house work and domestic work. Each child's average working week consists of 27 hours, and the payment is at the rate of 1d. per hour. 719 children are employed in newspaper and milk delivery, each working about 30 hours per week at 1d. per hour.

1,066 children are employed at shop and factory work and errands, each working on an average 30 hours per week at 1d. per hour.

Satisfied with Gradual Starvation.

Apart from an obvious reason for this optimism on the part of the two public institutions, I suppose that another explanation for it is that their officials, knowing the enormity of the evil in the past, and appreciating the tremendous struggle in which they are engaged, are pleased that the average of the suffering inflicted on children by parents and taskmasters is by no means as bad as it would be but for their untiring efforts. I gathered that as long as children are not beaten and bruised, and as long as the starvation process to which they are subjected is gradual only, we may deem ourselves satisfied. I am doubtful if the large public will share this opinion.

One must remember that these children, pending proof to the contrary, may be presumed to be of inferior physique, if not actually suffering from disease or afflicted by deformities. We have in mind the appalling report of the doctors who investigated the health of children in Scotland, and we remember the chilling confession of the Inspector-General of Recruiting in his latest report.

In 1902 out of 87,609 recruits medically inspected, 19,674 were rejected for various ailments and 8,547 for want of physical development, the percentage being considerably higher than for the two previous years.

The report adds: "The one subject which causes anxiety in the future as regards recruiting is the gradual deterioration of the physique of the working classes from where the bulk of the recruits must always be drawn. When it is remembered that recruiters are instructed not to submit for medical examination candidates for enlistment unless they are reasonably expected to be passed as fit, one cannot but be struck by the percentage considered by the medical officers as unfit for the service. In the reports from all the manufacturing districts stress is invariably laid upon the number of men medically rejected for bad teeth, flat feet, and inferior physique.

In the Old Days they Died.

Sir John Gorst, who is keenly interested in this question of physical degeneration, expressed his opinion to me on the above passage in the following words:—

I think that our modern improvements and the march of medical science are responsible to some extent for the state of things complained of by the Inspector-

General. In the old days the weaklings used to die off. Now they grow up and reduce the average of the stamina of the population.

It is a very wretched thing to have the conviction, the certainty that a very large percentage of our poor children are suffering from diseases, unsuspected, uncared for, and are allowed to grow up into miserable men and women amidst the indifference of their parents and the public.

Doctor Mackenzie, who examined 600 school children selected at random in different schools in Aberdeen, clamours for regular medical inspection of all school children. He says, "The large number of serious and minor diseases detected and indirectly affecting physical efficiency and mental efficiency constitutes an overwhelming case for a medical inspection of school children."

The Brighter Side.

It may be added that there are many parents who do watch for disease in their children, watch for it anxiously, who are far from displaying the indifference of which one complains—parents, who at the least sign of indisposition hurry their offspring off to the parish doctor and, obtaining written confirmation of their tremors in the form of a certificate, return home radiant. And there you might hear them say: "No school for you to-day, my lad (or my lass), nor to-morrow, either. This certificate should be good for at least a couple of weeks, so get to work at once. I'll take the paper round to the school."

The work may be matchbox making at 1½d. per gross, or bead-work, or hawking in the streets, or carrying parcels. The certificate entitles the child-slave to five more working hours, and that may mean three-pence, or even fourpence, brought into the home. We must see them in their home next.

(To be continued.)

FROM THE THAMES TO THE GUADALQUIVER.

CHILLY ENGLAND AND SUNNY SPAIN.

THERE is one form of education Oxford offers free to her sons and daughters, though her sons do not seem to care to take advantage of it, and her daughters seldom get the chance of doing so. It lies in the county in which Oxford is set, where well-nigh every village church and green is aglow with history, very largely inspired by the university town itself.

With that part that is west of Oxford, namely, the uppermost valleys of the Thames and its tributary streams, a land untouched by modernity, Mr. W. H. Hutton concerns himself in a sumptuous volume, "By Thames

and Cotswold" (Constable, 10s. 6d.). He writes with full knowledge, for being an Oxford don he has had fifteen years in which to learn his lesson. So he ranges pleasantly from Shakespearean Stratford to Malmesbury, with its great abbey, from the bold, bare hills that look over the flat, rich vale of Evesham to the very gates of Oxford itself.

Of many quaintly named country towns—among them Cirencester, Cricklade, Chipping Camden, Stow-on-the-Wold, Bourton-on-the-Water, and Fairford—and of many a village and manor house forgotten, Mr. Hutton has pages of history to quote and descriptions to write that are full of thorough appreciation of a fruitful subject.

A Forgotten Town.

Most of all, perhaps, and most justly, he is in love with quaint Burford.

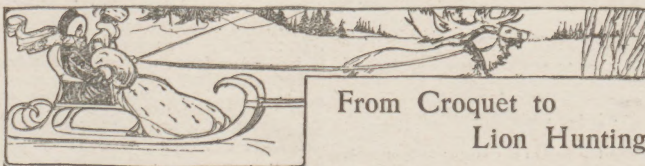
"When you have left Oxford some seventeen miles, you are on a bleak treeless road; to your left, in the distance, the high lands of Berkshire, Farrington conspicuous on the horizon, and, still higher, the downs beyond Wantage, stretching to where Alfred fought the Dane. To the right the Windrush runs, soft and swift, in the valley, between happy meadows that go sharply up to the height where still stand the last trees on the outskirts of the old forest of Wyckwood. Down the hill you go, and you find yourself, of a sudden, back again in the days of King George. Not a house do you see that has not borne at least a century's weather." This is Burford, and we are told of its wonderful chest full of records, with its beautiful drawings of the chubby little boy, King Edward, of the sad, wan woman Mary, and its signatures of kings, queens, chancellors, and the king-maker, Warwick.

The "Mediaeval Towns" Series, published by Dent, which already makes a very dainty shelf of books, numbers amongst the historic European cities of which it treats Seville as its most recent volume.

"A Palace of Dreams."

"He who Seville has not seen, has not seen a marvel great," runs a Spanish proverb. Anyone who has visited the Alcazar will echo this sentiment.

Alongside a Gothic cathedral—"Such a huge and splendid temple," said its founders, "that succeeding generations will say we were mad"—stands the Alcazar, "a palace of dreams, encompassed by lovely perfumed gardens. Its courts and salons are replete of Moorish days, and haunted by the spirits of turbaned sheikhs, philosophers, minstrels, and dark-eyed beauties of the harem. The nightingales still sing among the odorous orange bloom, and in the tangle of roses birds build their nests." These two mighty monuments of diverse ages and manners typify all Seville—the marvellous city where East meets West in an atmosphere of mediaevalism, illuminated by electric lights and intersected by electric tramcars.



From Croquet to Lion Hunting.

A COMPENDIUM OF MODERN PASTIMES.

M. R. ALFRED E. T. WATSON, editor of the "Badminton Magazine," has, by virtue of his office, accomplished a task which perhaps no other sportsman could have attempted. He has edited "English Sport" (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.), a collection of essays from the "Badminton" written to his order by the very first masters of every form of sport which is peculiarly our own as English men and women. We should like to quote the whole contents page, but let it suffice to say that the names of Lord Granby above the articles on fishing and shooting, of Lord Hawke above cricket, of Mr. Grenfell and Sir John Edwards-Moss above rowing, and of Lord Ellesmere above racing are taken at hazard to illustrate the high authority with which each subject is treated.

Women in the Field.

Women take their share of sporting honours in this volume. The essay on "Skating" is from the pen of Lady Minto. Lady Augusta Fane contributes a special article, "From a Woman's Point of View," on fox-hunting, "the one sport in which women can absolutely hold their own with men." In this paper she is full of good advice and ready anecdote. Devoted to her sport she is, as all the hunting world knows; and who dares to carp at the admirable bigotry with which she asserts that women in town "spend their lives in playing bridge, talking gossip, and gambling in stocks; eat four huge meals a day, sit up all night, and for exercise loll about in an electric landaulet?"

"A fashionable dame remarked to me one day," says this mighty huntress, "that it was useless to have any nerve, and stupid not to be frightened. Now, I ask of anybody what sort of a son would a woman like that give to her country?" It depends on his father, we are tempted to answer. But Lady Augusta Fane is very right in her assertion that "it must be better for future generations that women should lead a healthy outdoor exist-

ence"—and that, with submission, we fancy they are learning fast.

It is their magnificent enthusiasm that makes the essays of these mistresses of their art such delightful reading. Lady Minto, on behalf of her own accomplishment, skating, announces that it is perhaps "the only pastime in which ladies have an undeniable advantage over the sterner sex, for men cannot vie with the elegance and ease which is woman's right par excellence, nor can they wear the skirt which adds so much to the effect of the figure, intensifying the graceful curves as it sways with every movement of the body." Of course, all male readers will accept this ultimatum. Men cannot wear skirts, or, rather, shall we say, do not consider them becoming; women are their superiors on the rink, though, equals in the hunting field, can kill a salmon, hold a straight gun, and drive a golf ball with the best of them.

At this point the mere man will grunt and turn to Lord Delamere's essay on lion hunting. But stay, even there is his position unassailed?

A Monument to English Sport.

The result of this ministry of the talents is, literally, a monumental work. Mr. Watson intended the book "to place on record the manner in which the chief English sports and pastimes were conducted and practised at the beginning of the twentieth century." It does so. No Anglophile foreigner should go lacking this work. The mind reverts to the long line of foreign sportsmen who have been portrayed in "Punch" and elsewhere—the shooting Count, with his "Ah, mon cher Marquis, vit chance? 'Ow many braces 'ave you to your bags?' Or, again, the hunting Frenchman's command to the fox, "I see you—halte—la, you shall not escape!" This book provides would-be sportsmen with an opportunity to learn the language and manners of true-blooded sport, marvelling as they read.

LIST FOR THE LIBRARY.

MY POOR RELATIONS. (Stories of Destitute Peasant Life.) By MAARTEN MAARTENS. Constable.
THE NEBBY COAT. (A Novel by the Author of the Lost Stradivarius.) J. C. Falkner. Arnold.
THE WIDOW OF WESTBURY. (A quiet novel.) By the Author of Culcheth Folk. Blackwood.
BENJAMIN DISRAELI. (An Unconventional Biography.) Wilfrid Meynell. Hutchinson.

IN DEFENCE OF THE CORSET.

A NECESSARY ARTICLE OF WOMAN'S DRESS.

By A GYNAECOLOGIST.

A PERTINENT question at this moment, when the corset is being vehemently attacked, is: "Can women who dress in the European fashion do without corsets?" To get at the root of the matter it is first necessary to consider the general structure of the human body. It is, perhaps, usual to regard this as consisting of two halves, divided by the waist, the head and arms being attached to the upper, and the legs to the lower half. It is in this dressmaker's idea of the human frame that the fundamental mistake will be found.

For the body consists of three portions—an upper, with head and arms attached, a middle portion, and a lower portion, with legs attached. The wall of the upper portion is strengthened by bones, the ribs running round from backbone to breastbone. The wall of the lower portion is rendered even more firm than that of the chest by the large hip-bones.

The middle portion of the body has no bone in its walls except the spine behind. Its sides and its front are simply muscle and skin.

The Natural Method.

Now, the natural place on which to support the weight of the lower garments is the ring of bone at the hips. The best known illustration of this is supplied by the British navy. His belt, as everyone knows, is worn not round his waist, but round his hips. In this position it passes over bone behind and on both sides, and though it crosses the muscular wall of the body low down in front, it cannot cut in on account of the side bones. Thus, the workman's strap does not interfere with any movement of the trunk and limbs, nor does it press upon any internal organs.

If the navy were to wear a belt round his waist tight enough to support his heavy corset-breeches he would soon begin to suffer from indigestion.

A second illustration is afforded by any drawing or piece of sculpture of the female of classic antiquity in her flowing robe. The wear of the robe is seen to be distributed over the body by a girdle which has one crossing on the breast bone, and the next over the back bone at about the level of the waist.

A Study in Contrasts.

The girdle next comes forward at the sides, not over the soft, middle portion of the body, but resting on the hip bones to fasten low down in front. The bottom turn of the girdle thus occupies the same position as the workman's belt, and supports so much of the robe as may be pulled up through it by pressure against the hip bones.

In contrast to this, the woman of civilisation dresses herself in two portions, one above the waist, the other below it. She wears garments which are sometimes numerous, and, in our climate, are seldom light, supported by bands fastened round the middle part of the body.

How does she do it? How is it that the pressure of bands worn tight enough to support her flowing garments does not completely upset her internal arrangements? This is only possible by means of the corset. This article should be defined as follows:—"The corset is a belt, broad enough to reach up to the ribs and down to the hip-bones, and stiffened by the introduction of whale-bone or steel, so as to form a bridge between the bony wall of the chest and the bony wall of the lower part of the body."

Real Advantages of the Corset.

The use of this stiff, broad belt or corset is to protect the soft middle portion of the body from the pressure of the bands supporting the lower garments. In other words, the corset transmits the weight of the garments from the waist to the hip bones, and so protects from compression by the skirt-bands those organs which lie in the region of the waist.

The above considerations will lead the reader to the conclusion that the corset most certainly cannot be abolished, so long as women dress in the manner of civilisation.

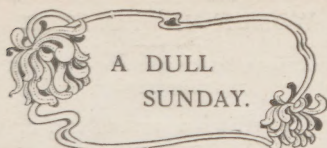
Can it be "modified so as to free it from its serious and unenviable reproach"? To secure this but little alteration is needed. The modern corset has already a stiff front, an essential feature of the article if it is to serve its purpose and protect the internal organs from the skirt band.

The Moral for Women.

The main point is that the corsets should fit. In many cases measurement shows that the wearer is larger round the waist without corsets than with them. This, of course, is wrong. The moral is to measure the waist with nothing on before buying the corset.

As a girl grows, her corsets should be allowed to grow with her. It is absurd to imagine that every other part of the body can grow, the waist only remaining the same. Yet this is believed by many mothers, who would be horrified at the idea of tight-lacing.

It is certain that while many women tight-lace consciously and intentionally, infinitely more do so unconsciously, as a matter of habit. For them, all that is necessary is a single application of the tape measure after removing the corset. Those who wilfully and knowingly reduce their measurements are, of course, beneath notice. They employ the corset to compress that part of the body which it is designed to protect, and deserve no sympathy in the sufferings which follow upon the abuse.



A DULL SUNDAY.

45 and 46, New Bond Street,
Sunday Evening.

The pouring wet of yesterday brought back to us the memory of the dismal days of early autumn, for while as wretched, climatically speaking, as it could well be, it was nevertheless not at all cold, and people who stayed indoors were not able to revel in their fires, which was really the only thing to do.

But while the streets were deserted, there was a great deal of life and brightness at the Carlton, where numbers of cheery luncheon parties took place. Princess Alexis Dolgorouki, in dark blue, with a white hat, was lunching with a party, and Mrs. Frank Mackay had friends with her. Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh was one of many men, and Lord Escher another, while Mr. Paravicini was with a small party.

In the Streets.

The weather to-day kept everyone indoors, hardly a soul was to be seen in the Park this morning, and the streets seemed quite deserted this afternoon with the exception of a few men making their way to Tattersall's. There were a great many well-known men lunching at Willis's to-day. The Duc d'Albe, Baron Max de Tuyl, Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest, Lord Elcho, and Sir Maurice Fitzgerald being among their number.

Some Dinners.

This evening, as is usual on Sunday night, there were a great many dinner parties. At the Carlton the restaurant was quite full, the hosts including Prince Francis of Teck with a party, Sir Daniel Gooch, Lord and Lady Newborough, and Lord Shrewsbury. Mr. W. K. D'Arcy had a big party, and Mrs. John Delacour was one smart woman to be seen.

Coming Weddings.

Miss Stella Faudel-Phillips, whose wedding to Mr. Charles Tufton takes place on the 17th of December, will have four bridesmaids, and two small train-bearers. The former will be Miss Cyril Faudel-Phillips and Miss Dorothy Lawson (her cousins), Miss Armyne Gordon, and Miss Muir-Mackenzie.

Miss Marcia Farquharson, of Eastbury Park, daughter of the late Mr. H. R. Farquharson, is shortly to be married to Count Leo Stradeske of Hungary.

Movements.

Lady Dorothy Nevill is back in town from staying with Captain and Lady Beatrice Pretyman.

Mrs. Sydney Jolliffe, who has been staying at Bournemouth, has returned to Charles-street.

Lord Lonsdale, on his return from Germany, only passed through town on his way to Barley Thorpe. While he was in Berlin he saw the German Emperor for a short time, but the latter was only able to speak to him in a whisper.

Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, who has just been elected president of the Dorking Rifle Club, has a few friends staying with her at Deepdene for the week-end. Her guests will shoot the Deepdene coverts to-morrow and Tuesday.

Lord and Lady Clifford of Chudleigh, are coming to town on Wednesday, and will stay at the Hyde Park Hotel.

A Royal Visit.

The King is probably going on a visit next month to Lord James of Hereford at Brearley House, in which case the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire and Lord and Lady Burton will be included in the small party invited to meet him.

Breamore, near Salisbury, is the pretty old place belonging to Sir Edward Hulse. The estate, which is well wooded, affords first-rate partridge and pheasant shooting.

SOCIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Lady Harris has left England to spend the winter at Madeira, where Lord Harris will join her later on. Lady Harris, who was married in 1874, is a daughter of the late Lord St. Vincent, and is descended from the famous first Lord St. Vincent, who as Admiral Jervis was raised to the peerage and granted £2,000 a year for life.

Lord and Lady Normantan have been having their first shooting party at their beautiful place, Somerley, Hampshire, and amongst their guests are Lord and Lady Wichester, Mr. and Lady Mildred Allsopp, Lady Cairns, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Ashley, and Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Baring.

It must be a matter for much congratulation to Lady Dickson-Poynder that she has recovered from her trying illness without its having left a single trace. So well is she now that she has been able to give Mr. J. J. Shannon sittings for the portrait he is painting of her, which it is hoped will be finished in time for next year's Academy. Lady Dickson-Poynder is depicted in the flowing draperies in which Mr. Shannon is so fond of painting his subjects.

The Bishop of Ripon and Mrs. Boyd-Carpenter have just arrived in Nice. The health of the former is far from satisfactory,

and it is hoped the change and rest may soon restore him. The Bishop used almost invariably to preach to Queen Victoria during her visits to the Riviera.

Society women suffer quite as much from brain fag as do hard-worked men. Those who care to try it may find relief in Mrs. Frank Cleveland's prescription, which is to sip slowly a glass of almost boiling milk, in which nutmeg has been plentifully sprinkled; nutmeg being one of the best nerve stimulants.

Lord and Lady Hamilton and their little girls will spend Christmas as usual with the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn at Baron's Court, where also Lord and Lady Wicklow are likely to spend the holidays; and Lord and Lady Dartrey, who have this autumn been over a good deal in England paying visits, are to have a large house-party for Christmas at Dartrey.

The Duke and Duchess of Montrose have been entertaining a cheery party at Buchanan Castle, where the Duke and seven other guns killed well over three thousand head of game in four days.

Lady Castlemaine and her little girl have just left Moydrum Castle, and will be absent from home for a few weeks, in consequence of a sudden case of scarlet fever in the domestic department. Lord Castlemaine is paying a few visits in the neighbourhood of Athlone for the present.

A benefit performance, which will unquestionably prove to be a social event, is announced at the Vaudeville Theatre for the third performance of "The Cherry Girl." The benefit is for the Convalescent Home at Margate, which was founded by the Princess of Wales when she was Princess May, and which has always been one of her Royal Highness's favourite charities.

Messrs. Frohman and Gatti have given the free use of the theatre for this occasion, and Mr. Seymour Hicks, Miss Ellaline Terriss, and their company have also given their services. The entire proceeds of the performance will be devoted to the charity in which her Royal Highness is interested. The Prince and Princess of Wales have signified their intention of being present.

Mrs. Charles Forbes is having a Dutch Tea-garden for two days this week in Edinburgh on behalf of the Funds of the Royal Repository. This is a society for the sale of work done by gentlemen, and the Duchess of Buccleuch is greatly interested in it, and buys most of her grand-children's clothes there. The Princess of Wales also has many of her children's things from this Repository.

Mrs. Forbes will be assisted in her tea-garden by thirty of the prettiest girls in the North, and confidently expects to reap a golden harvest.

WEEK-END AT BRIGHTON.

Brighton has had a week-end of deplorable weather, and the town is not nearly so full as usual in consequence. Baroness Burdett-Coutts and her husband are still here and the Duke of Newcastle arrived on Saturday and will probably stay some time. Other visitors include Lord and Lady Haliburton, Lord Dunsandle, Sir Henry and Lady Seymour King, and Sir Thomas and Lady Swinerton Dyer.

The Brighton Theatre was crowded on Saturday to see Miss Ellen Terry, and yesterday afternoon there was a large audience on the Palace Pier, when Mrs. Lewis Waller recited "The Ballad of Splendid Silence" and Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Shilling a Day." The Mayor and Mayoress of Brighton will give a children's fancy dress ball on January 6, and a ball to the residents on February 13.

FASHIONABLE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife visited the Garrick Theatre on Saturday evening.

The Marquis of Lansdowne has left Lansdowne House, Berkeley-square, for Bowood, Calne, Wilts.

The Lord Mayor has consented to preside at the biennial festival dinner of the Hampstead General Hospital on April 29.

Major-General R. S. S. Baden-Powell will distribute the prizes at the annual smoking concert of the Middlesex Imperial Yeomanry (Duke of Cambridge's Hussars) on Thursday evening at the Criterion Restaurant.

The Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs will attend the County of London Magistrates' Club banquet at the Whitehall Rooms on Thursday.

The ball in aid of funds for the renewal of the floors of the old wards of Charing Cross Hospital, arranged to take place on December 10 at the Whitehall Rooms, has been postponed until Thursday, January 14.

A marriage has been arranged between Mr. William F. Massey, of Poole Hall, Nantwich, and Doreen, second daughter of Major and Mrs. Kearseley, Stapely House, Nantwich, Cheshire.

All announcements duly authenticated for insertion in this column to be addressed to the Social Editor, "Daily Mirror" Office, 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.

WHERE THE SUN IS SHINING.

ROYAL VISITORS AT CANNES.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Cannes, Sunday.

The season on the Riviera seems likely to be very brilliant this year, and the various resorts are filling quickly. Cannes is always a little slower than the other places to begin, as it is almost wholly patronised by English people, who do not arrive until shortly before Christmas. The Grand Duke Michael-Michaelovitch of Russia and the Countess Torby are established at the Villa Kasbec, where they intend to entertain in their usual lavish manner. Colonel Woodward, the secretary of the Golf club, of which the Grand Duke is president, is at present staying with them.

There are many other royal personages now at Cannes, including the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who has her son, the Grand Duke of that ilk, with her and her youngest daughter, the Duchess Cécile, about whom so much has been spoken of late in regard to her reported engagement to the Tsarevitch.

Later in the winter the Grand Duchess expects to welcome her eldest daughter and son-in-law, the Prince and Princess Christian of Denmark, to Cannes. At the Villa des Lotus is the Grand Duke Michael-Nicholaievitch of Russia, the doyen of the Romanoffs, who is slowly recovering from his recent illness, and who has with him his son and daughter-in-law, the Grand Duke and Duchess George of Russia, and their children. The Grand Duchess George is the daughter of the King and Queen of Greece. The Grand Duke Serge-Michaelovitch is also with his father, and later the Grand Duke and Duchess Alexander are expected.

The Comte and Comtesse de Caserta are entertaining the Prince and Princess of the Asturias. At the Villa Cynos, near Mentone, is staying the Empress Eugénie, who always has a few intimate friends with her. At present her Majesty is in great trouble about her cousin, the Princess Mathilde Bonaparte.

Amongst English people who have already arrived at Cannes for the winter are Sir Sydney and Lady Waterlow, General Paget, who is paying a short visit to Lady Alfred Paget at the Villa Garibondi, Mr. and Mrs. Stafford-Northcote, Lord and Lady Churston, Lady and Miss Du Cane, and Sir Audley Gosling.

Lady Winchelsea has arrived this week at Cannes, at the Villa St. Martin, and Colonel Sandford has arrived there on a visit to his brother, the Bishop of Gibraltar, who, I am sorry to say, is at present in a very feeble state of health.

Lord and Lady Wharnclyffe are to arrive at the Villa Francia this week, and will spend the winter on the Riviera with their children. Countess Lonyay is seeking for a villa at Cannes, but so far she has met with nothing suitable, and it is probable that she will go instead to Mentone.

The golf club has opened and play has begun on the links at La Napoule, which was at first interrupted by the inclement weather. It is now quite fine again, and there are always numerous people to be met at La Napoule, including the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby, who are indefatigable golfers.



MONDAY, NOVEMBER 30.

"Thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges."
—Shakespeare, "Twelfth Night."

Many happy returns to:—

Lady Ranfurly.	Lord Clanricarde.
Lady Leuca Warner.	Lord Polwarth.
Miss Ethel Henniker.	Mr. Winston Churchill.
Major.	

Lady Ranfurly is the wife of the Governor of New Zealand. Both in Auckland and Wellington she has made herself extremely popular, and her entertainments at Government House have invariably been a great success. Lord Ranfurly was at one time a Lord-in-Waiting to the late Queen. They have one son, Lord Northland, who is in the Coldstream Guards.

So very known is Mr. Winston Churchill that there is little left unsaid about him. The elder son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill and of Mrs. George Cornwallis West, he is one of the most brilliant young men of the day, who began life as a soldier, his regiment being the 4th Hussars. Mr. Churchill has seen, too, a good deal of active service, but his most stirring adventure perhaps was his escape from Pretoria during the time he acted as war correspondent to the "Morning Post." He now represents Oldham in Parliament.

WEATHER AT THE WINTER RESORTS.

We have received the following reports from our special correspondents:—

 Biarritz. —Storm; maximum, 58; minimum, 46.
 Calvo. —Fine; forecast, colder; maximum, 60; minimum, 57.
 Cannes. —Calm; maximum, 62.
 Nice. —Rain storms; maximum, 47; minimum, 33.
 San Remo. —Sunshine; wet afternoon; maximum, 64.

THE KING AND QUEEN AT SANDRINGHAM.

The King returned to Sandringham on Saturday at the conclusion of his visit to Lord and Lady Farquhar at Castle Rising.

The Prince and Princess of Wales arrived at York Cottage on Saturday from visiting Lord and Lady Cadogan at Culford Hall.

The following guests arrived at Sandringham on Saturday:—M. de Soveral, Lord and Lady Howe, Captain and Mrs. Ronald Greville, Mrs. Charles Hardinge, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur James.

The King and Queen and the other members of the royal family attended Divine service at Sandringham church yesterday, as well as the house-party spending the week-end with their Majesties.

QUIET WEDDINGS ON SATURDAY.

St. Peter's, Eaton-square, was on Saturday afternoon the scene of the wedding of Mr. Charles Seymour (late Master of the West Norfolk Foxhounds) and Mrs. Ralli, widow of Major Ralli, of the 12th Royal Lancers.

The bride, who was given away by her mother, looked extremely well in her wedding gown of pale grey mouseline velvet arranged with point de Venise lace, and a grey chiffon hat with white feathers.

There was no formal reception after the wedding, and all the relations and friends of the bride and bridegroom attended the church. Amongst those present were Princess Victor of Hohenlohe, dressed in black satin, and accompanied by her daughter, Countess Feodora Gleichen, in blue with a fawn cloth coat. General Lord William Seymour and his wife and daughters, the latter dressed alike in fawn, Lady Hertford, in grey, was wearing a lovely sable cape, and Lady Matilda Rice, in black, came with Colonel Rice.

Mrs. Seymour Corkran, dressed in grey, brought her daughters, wearing heliotrope, and large black hats.

On Saturday afternoon, at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, the marriage took place of Mr. Robert Peel, Coldstream Guards, son of the late Captain Francis Peel, and great-nephew of the famous Sir Robert Peel, to Miss Alice Maude Meyrick, second daughter of Sir Thomas Charlton-Meyrick, Bart., C.B., formerly M.P. for Pembroke District.

WOMEN AND SPORT.

Women of to-day are all more or less keen on sport, in some form or another.

Queen Alexandra is very fond of fishing, and her eldest daughter, the Duchess of Fife, is renowned for her skill in that respect. Princess Victoria also fishes, but bicycling and golf, especially the latter, are her favourite outdoor pastimes.

The Duchess of Connaught fishes occasionally, but golf is her pet amusement, and she plays a really good game.

Princess Charles of Denmark is a skilled shot, and amongst society women who shoot the Duchess of Bedford must be included. The Duchess of Sutherland and her versatile sister, Lady Warwick, ride well to hounds, and both have taken keenly to motoring of recent years.

Lady Angela Forbes is fond of hunting, and the young Duchess of Westminster is quite devoted to hunting; it is, indeed, her favourite sport, and she is a very fair shot. Lady Juliet Duff is a first-rate shot, having been taught by her step-father, Lord de Grey, who is said to rank alone in that respect.

Mrs. Hwfa Williams is a good shot, a fine whip, and a fearless motorist.

Lady Vivian is another clever shot, and Lady Constance Mackenzie stands alone, being one of the best swimmers, hockey players and archers in the United Kingdom, while she is also proficient with the salmon rod, and has shot more big game in India than any other Englishwoman.

Ireland's charming young "Vicerine" is an accomplished sailor, and also plays golf, a taste shared by Lady Dudley's predecessor, Lady Cadogan, who is also fond of hunting.

Lady Londonderry's tastes are aquatic, and she spends hours sailing in her boat when staying at Mount Stewart, her Irish home, on Strangford Lough. Her daughter, Lady Helen Stavordale, is a splendid shot, steady and accurate, besides being an excellent whip.

Lady Aileen Wyndham-Quin is another keen golfer, and so is Lady de Ros. Lady Annesley is a noted angler, as is Lady Tucker, while Lady Coke and Lady Helen Vincent are noted skaters, and the Duchess of Marlborough is supposed to have a fancy for the old-world sport of falconry.

Other ladies who are interested in motoring and can drive their own cars include Lady Beatrice Lawson, Lady Cecil Scott-Montagu, Mrs. Cecil Powney, Mrs. Gerard Leigh, and Miss Mary Portman.

LADIES' HOCKEY.

The following have been chosen to represent the West of England against the North at Cheltenham on December 5:—Goal, Newall (Gloucestershire); backs, B. Kelley (Gloucestershire) and E. Coleridge Smith (Somerset); halves, E. Handcock (Somerset), Mrs. Bowler (Devon), and Mrs. Heane (Somerset); forwards, D. Compton-Lundie (Devon), G. Evans (Somerset), M. Symons (Devon), G. Dickson (Gloucestershire), and L. Nymmo (Somerset).

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. COUSIN KATE.

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Preceded at 8.30 by SHADES OF NIGHT.
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TO-NIGHT—THIS WEEK—BOURNE THEATRE,
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10s. REWARD—Lost, November 24th, in or about Totten-
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LOST, on the 24th inst., Schipperke male puppy, "Prince."
Finder will be rewarded—6s. Courtfield-road, South
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left in a third-class carriage of the 6 p.m. Enfield train
from Liverpool-street on November 26th. The above re-
ward will be paid to anyone returning same to Mr. W.
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HELEN.—Don't forget to call or write to
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BIRTHS.

CAMERON—On the 26th inst., at Glenridge, Virginia,
Water, the wife of Sir Charles Cameron, of a son.

EYES—On Nov. 15, 1903, the wife of Edward H. Leonard
Eyes, of 22, Fairclough-lane, Liverpool, only son of
Edward William Eyes, Esq., of Worthing, died grandfather of the
late Edward Eyes, Esq., of Springfield, Everton, of a
daughter. New Zealand papers, please copy.

GUNTHER—On Nov. 27, at Park House, Heatham, Nor-
folk, the wife of R. T. Gunther, of a son.

HEBRAND—On Nov. 26th inst., at 22, Vale-court,
Maida-vale, W., the wife of Captain R. B. H. Hebrard,
Brands, Royal Engineers, of a daughter.

PARTRIDGE—On Nov. 26th inst., at 22, Gyllanvase, Barton
Fields, Canterbury, the wife of Captain Llewellyn Partridge,
3rd Dragon Guards, of a son.

ROUSSE—On Nov. 26th inst., at Ibrahimieh, Alexandria,
Egypt, the wife of L. G. Rousse, of a daughter.

SIMS—On Nov. 25, at Tintagel, Dyne-road, Bournemouth,
Dorset, the wife of Cyril Sims, of a son.

THOMPSON—On the 25th inst., at Shrubhurst, Ashted, the
wife of B. D. Thompson, of a son.

TREWARtha-JAMES—On the 26th inst., at 38, Aber-
crombie-street, N.W., the wife of W. H. Trewartha-James,
of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

BERRY—NOTT—On the 26th inst., at Battle Church,
Breckon, by the Rev. E. L. Bevan, Vicar of Brecon,
Charles Berry, son of the Rev. H. Bevan, and Miss
Wandsworth-Compton, S.W., and Townsend House, Curry
Rivel, Somerset, to Alice Lillian, daughter of the late
Major R. McI. Nott, of 10, Grosvenor-place, London.

DALZIEL—IVORY—On the 26th inst., at St. Mary's
Church, Edinburgh, by the Rev. H. Sutherland D. G.
of Edinburgh, assisted by the Rev. H. Sutherland D. G.
of Edinburgh, Charles Ivory, second son of George
Dalziel, Writer, the Signet, to Eugenie Lockhart,
eldest daughter of Holmes Ivory, Writer to the Signet.

HAMILTON—BROWN—On Nov. 15, at St. Mary's Church,
Johannesburg, Transvaal, Frederick John, eldest son of
David Hamilton, of Durban, to Myrtle Ravenshill, fourth
daughter of the late Charles Brown, of 10, York-street, Durban.

KITCHIN—NOTT—On the 26th inst., at Battle Church,
Breckon, by the Rev. E. L. Bevan, Vicar of Brecon,
Charles Edward Kitchin, son of the Rev. H. Sutherland D. G.
of Edinburgh, to Violet Christmas, daughter of the late
Major R. McI. Nott, of 10, Grosvenor-place, London.

DEATHS.

BIRT—On Nov. 25, at "Dovercourt," Montalt-road, Wood-
ford, Huntingdonshire, sixth son of George Raymond Birt,
aged 52 years.

GREGORY—On Nov. 26, at 4, Carlos-place, Hugh Gregory,
elder son of the late Colonel Gregory, R.A., and beloved
stepson of Mrs. Harcourt Rose.

KYMER—On Nov. 26, at 62, Clarendon-road, W. Mary
Ann Kymmer, last surviving child of the late John Kymmer,
of 2, Westland Lodge, Hants, aged 59.

MENZIES—On the 25th inst., at the British Vice-Con-
sul, Liege, Belgium, Mary suddenly, Ronald Sutherland
Menzies, H.B.M.

MORE—On the 25th inst., suddenly, at More, Bishop's
Cleeve, Shropshire, Robert Jasper More, of Linsley, M.P.,
aged 67.

RAINCOCK—On the 26th inst., at Albert Villa, Box-
bourne, Herts, George Raincock, aged 57.

SCOTT—On the 27th inst., at The Hall, Spidbury, Harrow,
suddenly, James Scott, civil engineer, in his 57th year.

TEMPERLEY—On Nov. 26, 1903, at "Veronica," Brom-
ley, Kent, Elizabeth, wife of John H. Temperley,

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business
Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—

2, CARMELITE STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

The West End Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
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bution" on the outside envelope. It is imperative
that all manuscripts should have the writer's name and
address written on the first and last pages of the manu-
script, not on fly-leaf only, nor in the letter that may
possibly accompany the contribution.

The
Daily Mirror.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1903.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

A National Disease.

THAT was a very important question
which occupied the thoughts of so many
people yesterday. Intemperance—what is
the cause of it? What the remedy for it?
What will rid the nation of a disease of
which the effects are seen in all ranks, from
the highest to the lowest—this disease of
drunkenness?

We have at least the satisfaction of know-
ing that toleration of excess is no longer
possible. Squire Western is no longer the
type of the English country gentleman. The
three-bottle man has ceased to be the hero
of the dining table. We have, at all events,
made a start towards a better state of things.

Much of the modern condemnation of ex-
cessive drinking we may put down to the
influence of women. Much, also, we must
ascribe to education. At least, the nation
has been taught to read and think, and read-
ing the testimony of men in a position to
judge of these things, it finds one thing
clearly marked. Around the criminal
statistics of the country, around the death-
rate, around the sin and misery of the
slums lies the evidence of this cancerous
disease like a deep black funeral border,
which makes crime and misery a hundred
times more difficult to deal with and defeat.
Cannot we by some great effort, or by
patient striving, get rid of it?

But how? By suppression? Read the
story of the failure of the so-called Prohibition
States in America. By State sale?
Consider the failure of that in Russia. By
municipal drink-shops? The failure of that
system in Norway and Sweden is equally
apparent. No wonder people should doubt
whether either suppression or State
sale, or any other hard and fast
system is going to rid us of the incubus.
None the less everyone is looking for a
remedy, and there is good reason to believe
that in time it may appear.

With the passing of the old good-hum-
oured toleration of intemperance has passed
also the idea that it was an accident for
which there could be neither prevention nor
cure. Now, we are all in the hunt after a
cure. There is much hallooing in the field,
and a great belief every now and then that
the end is in sight. But the result is not very
promising. Perhaps, after all, we shall
find that temperance is best inculcated by
temperate measures. Without adopting any
other remedy, we may find that a modicum
of all will best suit the varied circumstances
and tendencies of the day.

There are people who would be happy
if they could find a London suburb where
liquor could not be found in any form.
Let there be suburbs, even towns, for such
as these. Others favour the abolition of the
ordinary public-house and the substitution
of large and cheerful halls where amuse-

ment and refreshment will go together.
Others again look for a solution in the
establishment of public-houses managed in
the interest of the community by Earl Grey's
Trust.

Add to partial application of all these
plans the continued increase of that feeling
of self-respect which has been engendered
by the steady material and intellectual pro-
gress of the nation, and we have got, if not
a perfect solution, at least some way towards
the goal. One thing is certain. Every-
thing which tends to better education and
better housing, tends also to the extinction
of the disease.

And yet, says the temperance zealot, with
all your "progress" the drink bill of the na-
tion is one hundred and eighty millions
sterling a year, and drinking, especially
among women, is on the increase! That
is another phase of the question. Its truth
implies that while drunkenness is decreas-
ing, drinking is on the increase. If that be
so, when we have mastered one problem we
shall find another and perhaps a greater one
confronting us.

THREE'S COMPANY.

THERE is matter for something like
serious consideration in a desire which has
found tentative expression in the *World*
for the return of the chaperon. It is con-
tended that her comparative absence in
these bold, free days of ours leaves modern
courtship a trifle flat, and lacking in the
fierce joy of the surreptitious. The stolen
kiss upon the stairs, the smuggled valentine
—ah, how precious they were in the old
days, when stern eyes from between a pair
of corkscrew ringlets were ever on the
watch! By what breathless devices did
even the young men and maidens who are
but middle-aged now achieve their twilight
truncations, or, more daring, but more en-
deared, snatch the fearful joy of a stroll be-
fore breakfast! Why, even Juliet would
have missed her balcony scene if she had
had no chaperon!

The modern girl, it is said, feels the loss
of all this very keenly. Now that she can
hold discourse with the modern youth in the
plain and sanctioning light of day, she finds
such discourse not quite so vastly entertain-
ing. His observations upon the weather
are apt to grow monotonous. She finds
that she knows practically as much as he
does; and, indeed, in some cases, a good
deal more.

In short, he has lost altogether the magic
charm of his old aspect as a fairy prince—
of infinite wisdom, infinite power—come to
carry her far, far away from a prison
where the chaperon was, so to speak, her
gaoler, to live happily ever after in some
free and glorious and distant land beyond
the garden gate. She sees him nowadays
in quite a different light. She sees him as,
perhaps a very good sort of fellow, but not
necessarily the brightest of company. And
so it comes about that, instead of devoting
weeks of ingenuity to the gaining of one
delirious moment of his society, she finds
the long uneventful hours of it that she is
at liberty to enjoy grow even wearisome
upon occasion. The chaperon did at any
rate afford a topic of conversation. There
were plans to discuss, signals to arrange,
cyphers to invent, the whole art of strategy
to practise.

Quite probably all this is very true, so
far as it goes. There is, however, one little
matter on which we should be inclined to
join issue with the agreeable author of the
article in question. That the chaperon is
to be sometimes sighed for we admit; but
surely she was, and would be, not always
of the type described. The chaperon need
not be an ogre. She need not even be a
"fright," and certainly she need not inspire
that sentiment.

To picture the old-fashioned chaperon as
having been a synonym for eternal vigilance
is rather an insult to our mothers. Had they
such a hunger and thirst after unrighteous-
ness? On the contrary, we like to think of
them as gaining, in their maidenly modesty,
a certain amount of confidence and encour-
agement from the neighbourhood, if not the
presence, of a discreet and benignant
female.

Even now, too, girls are not all of them
brazen hussies. Some are even timid. Of
course, even for such the conservatory has
its attractions; but a chaperon who is aware
of that fact, and does not make her appear-
ance too terribly soon, is still a valuable
exemplar of the absence that makes hearts
grow fonder.

WOMEN IN POLITICS.

A CHARMING CANDIDATE FOR THE
FEDERAL SENATE.

AUSTRALIA'S EXPERIMENT.

AN Australian paper tells the story of the
man who addressed his wife with the
words:

"Now, my dear, that women have a vote,
I think you ought to know something about
political matters. First, you must under-
stand that there are two great parties—"
And of the wife who cheerfully inter-
rupted him with: "Oh! how lovely, and are
we asked to both?"

It seems fair to assume that the women
voters will be asked to do the duty of bearing
the invitations—in other words, of registering
the women voters—falling to the lot of the
police, who are met sometimes by the cour-
teous answer, "Oh, certainly, who do I vote
for?" sometimes with the haughty informa-
tion that "the gentlemen settle all these
things." But for the future the "gentlemen"
are not to "settle all these things."

The Australian Commonwealth Franchise
is the widest in existence; for in the Federal
Parliament women now have a vote, on the
"one adult, one vote" principle, and the
forthcoming elections will give them their
first general opportunity of exercising the
right. And at this election they will have not
only the right to vote, but also, if they please,
to vote for a woman; at least, in Victoria,
where one of the candidates for a seat in the
Senate is Miss Vida Goldstein.

The Woman Candidate.

Miss Goldstein, in Victoria, and, in New
South Wales, Miss Rose Scott, who has re-
fused an invitation to stand, are the two most
prominent and energetic women workers for
suffrage among the younger generation,
though the names of Miss Catherine Spence,
in South Australia, more intimately associ-
ated with the question of preferential
voting, and Mrs. Lowe, in Victoria, are not
to be forgotten. Miss Goldstein has for some
years been identified with political matters in
Victoria, where she has worked hard to obtain
the suffrage for women.

The Bill has passed the Legislative
Assembly on several occasions, but has
always been thrown out by the more con-
servative Upper House. Victoria and
Queensland now occupy the somewhat
anomalous position of refusing the right to
vote at elections for the State Parliaments
to the women who are enfranchised as to the
Federal Houses.

New Zealand Led the Way.

Though New Zealand, which is ultra-demo-
cratic and given to experimental legislation,
had already led the way in 1893, South Aus-
tralia was the first of the Australian States
to extend the franchise to women, in 1894.

Western Australia extended the franchise to
women by an Act passed in 1899, and said to
be due to Sir John Forrest's determination to
outvote the electors on the goldfields, who
were agitating for separation from the rest of
the Colony and for federation with the eastern
states of Australia. New South Wales has
since admitted women to the electoral register,
and the other states must follow suit before
long.

In deciding to stand for the Senate rather
than for the House of Representatives, Miss
Goldstein has probably been influenced by
the fact that for the former the whole state
is polled as one constituency. So that all
women-suffragists will have an opportunity
of voting for her.

It is safe to say, however, that a good many
will not do so—those, namely, who think that
conditions are not yet ripe for women to
occupy a seat in Parliament.

Her Winning Personality.

On the other hand, Miss Goldstein, in her
campaign, is certain to make a number of
converts. In the first place, her personality
is attractive; she is pretty, she dresses well,
and she speaks well. Without being an orator
she has the gift of putting what she has to say
clearly and convincingly, she eschews rhet-
orical flourishes and purple patches, but she
can make a telling point.

Moreover, she is ready in reply, and never
loses either her head or her temper. Some
years ago she had a school and kindergarten,
but lately she has devoted herself to political
and social reform and the editing of the "Woman's
Sphere," a monthly paper devoted to the in-
terests of women.

Other members of her family are also keen
on politics, but contradict the assertion that
to give a woman a vote is merely to duplicate
her husband's or her father's. Colonel Gold-
stein was working for the Anti-Suffrage
League while his wife and daughter were
doing all they could for the extension of the
franchise.

One of the movements with which Miss Gold-
stein has been specially concerned is the es-
tablishment of Women's Progressive Leagues,
of which there are now a good number in
Victoria, and in the United Kingdom. Their
general object is to obtain for women equal
social and political rights with men, and their
method the organising of meetings for lec-
tures and discussions on various questions not
solely political, in which women are, or ought
to be, interested.



A GLANCE BACK THROUGH GLAD AND SAD YEARS. SOME BIRTHDAY MEMORIES.

THIS is the eve of a day which will be celebrated with heartfelt pleasure throughout the Empire. To-morrow Queen Alexandra keeps the fortieth birthday she has spent since her adoption of our country as her own.

From innumerable places in the United Kingdom, as from the furthestmost outposts of Greater Britain, messages will find their way to the little Norfolk village where their Majesties are spending this family festival.

The Queen, as she is to-day, is known to all of us. In the humblest cottage one often finds her sweet face smiling down from the wall. There is no face better known or better loved in all the land.

To-day, however, we give a portrait of her as she was in the full tide of youth. She was not often painted in early life, and this portrait is the best that was ever painted of her. It was the work of an artist named Lauchert, and represented the Princess, as she then was, at the age of nineteen.

Then, as now, numberless verses were written in honour of the gentle and great-hearted lady who has so endeared herself to the British people, none expressing a truth more prettily than those of which one verse runs—

The wasting years go flitting by—
To her a year is but a day;
For her, an ever sunny sky,
For others, clouds grim-eyed and grey.
Age comes in vain to claim his sway,
For youth withstands his with ring rule,
What turn of fortune can dismay
Our Princess from the Vikings' isle?

Birthdays to Remember.

The Queen must surely remember with special tenderness certain notable birthdays of her life, for, curiously enough, December 1 has been, in more senses than one, an important date in her Majesty's existence.

It was on her seventeenth birthday that the closer relatives of the lovely Danish Princess were allowed to learn that a certain memorable meeting had taken place in the cathedral at Spire, and that the royal lad and lass had taken "a warm liking to one another."

Just a year later, the death of the Prince Consort having occurred in the interval, the future Princess of Wales made the acquaintance of Queen Victoria during a private visit to Osborne and Windsor. On this occasion the Prince's gift took the shape of an engagement ring, formed of a gold circlet set with a beryl, an emerald, a ruby, a turquoise, a jacinth, and a second emerald, the initials of the six gems spelling the donor's familiar home name of "Bertie."

The Queen's twentieth birthday was the first spent by her at Sandringham, in the old-fashioned country house to which she became, as a young wife and mother, so fondly attached, that later, when the present splendid mansion was being designed, she begged that her old boudoir might be as far as possible reconstituted in her new home.

The one birthday of all others, the thought of which must often recur to the Queen as December 1 draws nigh, was that celebrated at Sandringham in deepest anguish and anxiety in 1871. The Prince of Wales was lying sick unto death, nursed only by his wife and by his sister, Princess Alice.

It is recorded that on the first day of December he regained consciousness, his first remark to those round him being "This is the Princess's birthday," a most moving tribute to the link binding husband and wife, and one which must have much cheered the royal nurse on this saddest of birthdays.

A Dance at Sandringham.

Four years later the Prince was in India on December 1, but in heart he was at home, and that one day was spent by him quietly on board the Serapis, sending to, and receiving from, the Princess loving birthday messages.

During many of the earlier years of their Majesties' married life a great country ball was given at Sandringham on December 1, and these royal gatherings were the most delightful, and in some ways informal, func-

tions. One near neighbour of the then Prince and Princess of Wales wrote:—

The house-party, equestrian, ladies-in-waiting, and all invited from the neighbourhood, were ordered to join in, no shirking or sitting out allowed, and when the sides had been made up the Prince and Princess set off with their partners, round and round, down the middle and off again, and so on to the end, the Prince the jolliest of the jolly and the life of the party, as he is wherever he goes.

But these cheery dances came to an end with the death of the Queen's beloved eldest child, and though the poor and needy are entertained as hospitably and lavishly as ever they were on the eventful day, her Majesty prefers to spend her birthday in comparative retirement, surrounded only by her family and a few intimate old friends.

THE QUEEN AND THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

The Queen is a great lover of flowers, and understands the art of arranging them to perfection. Malmesbury carnations, lilies of the valley,

and violets are her favourites, and wherever she may go a bunch of the beautiful Russian violets from the Sandringham gardens are daily despatched to her.

One corner of these gardens is kept for wild flowers, and another for South African flowers, roots, and seeds which were collected for her Majesty by an officer who served in the Boer war; of these the lilies have answered best.

Besides her taste in arranging flowers, her Majesty has a rare gift for making a house beautiful. Her eye for colour and her choice of pictures and china are unerring.

Nothing can surpass the beauty of her suite in Buckingham Palace. She chose the decoration for each room herself, as well as for her apartments at Windsor.

Her alabaster bath, with silver fittings, was made after her own design.

Out of her Majesty's boudoir leads a room kept sacred to the memory of the Duke of Clarence, where all his books and other belongings are treasured. The Queen, too, keeps in her own sanctum all the books used by the King when he was at Oxford and Cambridge.



Queen Alexandra at the Age of Nineteen.

[From a painting by Lauchert.]

DRESS REHEARSAL FOR CHARITY.

The Private View is going out. Is the Dress Rehearsal, as a social function, coming in?

Captain Basil Hood has had the happy idea of raising money for the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond-street by inviting the public to attend the dress rehearsal of "Little Hans Andersen" at the Adelphi Theatre on Tuesday afternoon, December 22, at double the ordinary prices.

Already he has had twenty-five guineas offered him for a box, and he hopes to find many more kind people who will combine charity with amusement in this novel fashion.

The pit and gallery, by the way, will be occupied by poor children. "The Only Girl" at the Adelphi is due on December 10 for evenings and Saturday afternoons. "Little Hans Andersen" will be given on the other afternoons.

MEN IN CORSETS.

Several of the writers of letters on "Spider Waists" in our Women's Parliament column have pressed incredulity as to the wearing of corsets by men.

It may interest them to know that we have received several letters from men asking to be put into communication with our male correspondent "Experiment," so that they may find out from him where they can obtain "suitable corsets" for themselves.

SONGS AT £40 MINUTE.

£40 a minute is Madame Patti's latest record for an engagement. She had agreed to sing at the West End Theatre, New York, for £1,000, but when she learned that there was only £600 in the house she declined to appear unless paid the full amount in advance.

The agents (says the "New York Herald") paid the balance, and Madame Patti then sang four songs, at the enormous average per minute mentioned above.

HEIRLOOM FOR LORD ROBERTS.

The Royal Arsenal at Woolwich has just received from South Africa a specially interesting heirloom of the war. This is the gun which Captain Roberts, son of the Commander-in-Chief, lost his life in rescuing beside the Tugela river.

An inscription, approved by the War Office, is to be engraved on the gun, which, on its completion, will be presented to Lord Roberts.

THE SOCIABILITY OF M.P.'S.

Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., does not agree with Mr. Harwood, M.P., that the House of Commons is a dull place. Save when he has been tired out by a long sitting, he has never passed a dull hour there, he says in the "Windsor Magazine." This is chiefly because everyone is so sociable.



LADIES' HOCKEY.

FOUR THOUSAND PLAYERS IN THE HOME COUNTIES.

At no time since the Women's University Colleges, the Croft, East Molesey, and Wimbledon Clubs first began, eight or nine years ago, to make hockey a popular game for ladies, has there been such widespread enthusiasm for the game.

The formation of Southern and Western branches of the All England Women's Hockey Association seems to have given a further impetus to the spread of the game, and the number of clubs belonging to the Southern Ladies' Association alone has rapidly increased from ninety to 125.

Each club may safely be reckoned to have an average of no less than thirty-two, while some have as many as sixty or seventy members.

The ten counties round London, which form the Southern Association, therefore, represent something like four thousand lady hockey players.

In addition, there are certainly some thousands of schoolgirls playing the game and competing for the cups and badges which are allowed at schools and colleges but are strictly forbidden amongst other clubs playing under the jurisdiction of the All England Association.

Hockey Tournaments.

The Western Counties are a very active organisation, and have energetically arranged for quite a new departure in the way of a "hockey tournament" to be held at Weston-super-Mare in January, in which it is hoped seven Western Counties will take part, each playing four or five matches.

With the enormous increase in the number of players, and the great levelling up amongst clubs, it is remarkable that the standard of play in county, territorial, and international matches does not improve in proportion.

Brilliantly good individual players are still remarkably scarce.

For a number of years the same names have appeared again and again in county, territorial, and international matches, not because there was any reluctance on the part of successive selection committees to introduce new blood, but because younger players could not be found to come up to the required standard.

This season an unusual number of well-known players are retiring from the game, and the South, North, and Midlands are all eagerly looking round for first-class backs, halves, and forwards—especially the latter.

Rivalry of the Counties.

The rivalry in the counties promises to be keener than ever. Middlesex and Surrey, for example, will strain every nerve to beat one another and get even with Sussex.

Counties with only four or five clubs to draw from, such as Berkshire, Bucks, and Oxford, are arranging ambitious fixture lists.

One or two clubs have been fortunate enough to have matches arranged for days when floods did not make play impossible; and Atlanta, one of the strongest teams last season, have again started well.

SHILLINGS WANTED.

LADY LUMSDEN'S SCHEME TO HELP THE UNION JACK CLUB.

Fanny Lady Lumsden writes to the *Daily Mirror* drawing attention to the shilling fund which she has opened in aid of the Union Jack Club.

She says:—"Doubtless many of your readers have already heard of this club, which a grateful nation hopes to present to our Navy and Army in recognition of their bravery and good conduct during the late trying wars in South Africa and China. The need of it is great, as 200,000 sailors and soldiers pass through London annually (generally through Waterloo Station), and many of them have nowhere to go or friends to receive them.

"An excellent site has been secured near there, and it is hoped the club will contain 300 bedrooms, at a cost of £100 each. Princess Christian, Lord Roberts, and others have already given one in memory of sons and other relations who died in South Africa; and what better remembrance of them could be found?"

"If every admirer of our sailors' and soldiers' bravery, and calm endurance of so many hardships connected with such a long and trying war, would kindly send me the small sum of one shilling several bedrooms could be provided for."

Great Bridge Contest: The Eighth Coupon.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST BERGHOLT.

To-day we issue the EIGHTH COUPON.

Those who have not yet entered for the Tournament should procure copies of the *Daily Mirror* for Nov. 20, 24, 26, and 28 (which contain the seven previous coupons), and send in all the eight together, *carefully observing the rules* which follow. Those who have already sent in Coupons 1 to 7 have now to forward the coupon on this page.

£150 TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

Everybody who can play a game of Bridge can enter for the Tournament. The entrance fee is a mere trifle, and the prospective gain is very large. If you sit down to play a friendly rubber you may hold such bad cards that you necessarily lose, despite all your endeavours. But in the play of our coupons it does not matter whether you win or lose points; if the hand is played simply, straightforwardly, and well, you will win a prize.

THE CASH PRIZES.

The proprietors of the *Daily Mirror* offer, as a free gift, the sum of

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS.

One hundred pounds of this and the whole of the entrance fees received from the competitors will be divided among those who send in the best set or sets of replies to the complete series of coupons. If two or more competitors tie, the money will be divided equally among them. The remaining

FIFTY POUNDS

will be distributed in consolation prizes among the unsuccessful competitors. Beginners need not be afraid to enter. Many experts will fail through hunting for difficulties which do not exist.

THE RULES.

1. Each competitor must cut out the diagrams, sign them at foot with full name and address, add the nom de guerre (or initials which it is desired to use, pin the diagrams to the replies, and enclose the whole in an envelope, addressed to the Bridge Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carnelite-street, London, E.C., accompanied by a postal order for one shilling, crossed Barclay and Co.

There will only be one such entrance fee payable by each competitor during the whole of the Tournament.

2. The Tournament is open to both men and women.

3. New competitors may enter at any time during the progress of the Tournament; but in such case a complete set of diagrams from the beginning must always be enclosed with the entrance fee.

4. The outside of the envelope must be legibly marked above the address: "*Daily Mirror Bridge Tournament*." Reasons for, or explanations of the play may be given, but no other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover. Requests for information, queries on points of Bridge

play, suggestions, reports of hands dealt, etc., must invariably be sent under separate cover.

5. Each coupon must be accompanied by one mode of play only, as the competitor may decide. A competitor may send in as many complete sets of coupons as he or she likes, distinguishing each separate set by some letter or mark, and forwarding a P.O. for one shilling with the first coupon (or first batch of coupons) of each set. The reprint of a coupon need be taken no notice of by a competitor who has already sent in his or her

reply to that coupon. Each complete set will be considered independently, but no single competitor shall be entitled to more than one share of the prize money.

6. In all matters admitting of reasonable doubt the decision of the Bridge Editor (which will be given with the strictest impartiality) must be accepted as final.

7. No person in the employ of, or connected with the publication of, the *Daily Mirror* will be allowed to compete.

8. The above rules are subject to modification or correction before the competition closes.

Competitors are urged to send in their entries as early as possible.

Back numbers can always be obtained through newsgents, or facsimile diagrams will be sent by the Bridge Editor on receipt of two penny stamps per diagram.

December 14 is the last day on which solutions from Great Britain will be received, but sufficient extra time will be allowed for residents in Ireland, the Channel Islands, and Europe.

BRIDGE DAY BY DAY.

ANY CONVENIENT FORM WILL DO.

As we continue to receive numerous letters asking whether it is "obligatory" to use the "Simplex" forms, or the Blenheim Leads, or to draw the pips (♣, ♦, ♠, ♡) instead of writing H, C, S, D; we again announce *arbitrarily* that competitors are at liberty to do just as they please. All the plays sent in will be judged on their merits; but a neat and orderly record is naturally preferable (other things being equal) to a slovenly or undecipherable one.

WHY NOT CLUBS OR SPADES?

"Maiblumen" takes it ill that "the only declarations up to date have been No-trumps, Hearts, and Diamonds. Don't you think a defensive Club or Spade hand requires just as much attention and is quite as difficult to play as a No-trumper? I should very much like to see some given."

As a matter of fact, the black declarations are often more difficult to play, because the strength is more equally balanced, and the contest is closer. But as our competition is specially designed for beginners, as well as experts, a preponderance of the more easy and popular types is not to be wondered at. Perhaps we shall propound some calls of a darker hue later on.

Diagram illustrating the Bridge Coupon No. 8, showing the layout of the cards and the dummy's position.

Y (DUMMY.)

A Coupon No. 8. B

Z

Score: AB, 20; YZ, 14. Z deals and leaves it. Y declares Diamonds.

A leads ♠ K.

Write out in some convenient form what you consider to be the correct play of the above deal. The cards are not to be played as if they were all known, but just as they would fall in an ordinary game. Dummy's (Y's) hand being the only one laid face upwards on the table. The object is not to make YZ win extra tricks—to which they are not fairly entitled—through the mistakes of A and B; but to record the play and the result, on the understanding that each player is to do his best, so far as he knows the cards.

State legibly at the head of your reply the total number of tricks won by Y and Z.

Name Nom de Guerre
or
Address Initials.....

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THE WORLD'S BEST TALKING MACHINE.

The Graphophone has earned the right to be designated the World's Best Talking Machine. As the result of discoveries in the Graphophone laboratory have come important advances in the talking-machine art. These have at once been adopted in the manufacture of the instruments, so that to-day the Graphophone is the simplest and nearest perfect of any talking machine on the market. It was the only one awarded the Grand Prix, at Paris, in 1900. Every other machine of importance was passed in review, but the Graphophone alone was selected for the exclusive honour of the Grand Prix.

COLUMBIA DISC GRAPHOPHONES

are made in three different models.

Type A.K., with Concert Sound Box, 14 in. Horn, £3 3s.

Type A.J., larger and improved model. Brass Bell to Trumpet, etc., etc., £4 4s.

Type A.H. (Model de Luxe) with latest improved Knife-edge Sound Box, £6 6s.

Diagram illustrating the Columbia Disc Graphophone, showing the instrument and the disc.

Columbia DISC Graphophones

BEST OF ALL HOME ENTERTAINERS

GRAND PRIX PARIS 1900.

BRISTLE WITH GOOD POINTS.

£3-3-0, £4-4-0, £6-6-0.

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COLUMBIA DISC RECORDS.

7 in. - - - 2/0 each.
10 in. - - - 4/- each.
14 in. - - - 8/6 each.
Grand Opera - 8/6 each.

NICOLE DISC RECORDS.

UNBREAKABLE. DO NOT WEAR OUT.

7 in. - - - 1/- each.
10 in. - - - 2/6 each.

Of the "Grand Opera" Records, the following are now published (sung in Italian) —

SOPRANO SOLO by Madame SUZANNE ADAMS.
(Piano accompaniment.)

1197 Valse Aria "Romeo and Juliet" - - - - - Gounod.

BARITONE SOLOS by ANTONIO SCOTTI.
(Piano accompaniment.)

1206 Prologue "Il Pagliaccio" - - - - - Leoncavallo.
1207 Selections "Don Juan" - - - - - Mozart.

BASS SOLOS by EDOUARD DE RESZKE.
(Piano accompaniment.)

1221 Infelice "Ernani" - - - - - Verdi.
1222 Canzone del Porter "Martha" - - - - - Von Flotow.
1223 Serenade "Don Juan" - - - - - Tschalkowsky.

BARITONE SOLOS by Signor CAMPANARI.
(Piano accompaniment.)

1224 Cavatina "Faust" - - - - - Gounod.
1225 Serenade - - - - - Sepilli.
1226 Aria "Il Barbiere di Seville" - - - - - Rossini.
1227 Toreador Song "Carmen" - - - - - Bizet.



A DRESS CHAT.

BY MRS. JACK MAY.



THE FASHIONABLE PASTIME. REPRESENTATIVE SKATING GOWNS.

THE gown for "real ice" skating, designed to be worn under cover and seen against a background of painted galleries, is a very different garment from that intended for the out-of-door sport, where the surroundings will be snow-clad fields and black fir trees, and the cold and crisp air will necessitate due attention to warmth of texture. And though with the latter circumstances simplicity is absolutely necessary to good taste, the former conditions allow of a display of luxury; partly because they make the wearer a conspicuous object of the attention of a party of onlookers, but chiefly because there is no inclemency of the elements to put a veto on ephemeral fabrics.

Cloth and Chiffon.

It is therefore permissible to make chiffon an important component of a very fascinating garment, of which the other element is a warm Indian red cloth. The cloth contrives a very full gored skirt made in one, with a deep Swiss belt. Black chiffon, having two-inch wide horizontal tucks, composes the blouse bodice and the voluminous sleeves, while a yoke-shaped appliqué, outlined and ornamented with black military braid, re-

introduces the red cloth, and terminates on the shoulders under braided epaulets. There is an opening at the throat to show a vest and collar of simple hemstitched nainsook.

Black Velvet.

Black velvet is quite the favourite material for skating costumes this year; nevertheless, it cannot be said to be the most successful. It has a stately grace of its own which gives it a special prerogative for ceremonial occasions, where dignified movements control its

To the right is shown an original hat made of sulphur-coloured felt with scarf drapery of black lace, caught at one side by a green iridescent bird.

heavy folds. For skating it has the appearance of being a drag on the swinging flight of the wearer, and so far from following the lithe contours of a skater's figure, it entirely envelops them with a mass of irresponsible black. Partly this is caused by its deadness of effect, and partly by its heavy weight. Cloth, which has not the same property of absorbing all the light, but reflects a considerable amount, is an infinitely

gold buttons. These buttons were also arranged discreetly on a bolero bodice, which showed a tiny vest of antique gold brocade. Abundant white frills appeared beyond the wide cuff. And a tricorne hat of black moufflon, with a drooping feather and a gold cord and tassel, was the millinery adjunct of a quiet but elegant costume. Brown cloth, however, runs black very close in excellence of effect, as may be gathered from a description of a charming frock, seen on a pretty girl at the same resort. It was made with a simple box pleated skirt. The Eton coat had narrowest pipings, and straps on the cuffs and collar of orange velvet; glimpses of the same colour being caught in silken linings and skirts as the wearer swung past. The hat completing this ensemble was in brown moufflon, having in the front a cluster of water-lilies with their



This becoming motoring veil is made of pale blue chiffon, with lace applique ends.



SOMETHING NEW.

AN ENCHANTING DEPARTURE IN VELVET.

YE scoffers and jeerers, with your parrot cry that there is nothing new under the sun, just listen to this short story of a thing of great beauty, which has every prospect of being a joy for all time, the like of which no other age has been able to produce. Entitled "velour Meronac," which may be roughly interpreted as tooled velvet, this is a departure, inspired and executed by Miss Beatrice Cameron, 102, Mount-street, W., and the pen is justified in pausing before the task of adequately describing the beauties of this ingenious process, which is capable of producing with a realism that is veritably Nature's own the hundred "reflections" occurring in foliage and flowers, expressed in natural colourings.

Nature Realised.

To take a long spray of ivy leaves as an example, whichever way this catches the light, the shadows are equally true to life. A light artistic motif of pink trailing geranium is again surpassingly beautiful, while butterflies and birds are to be counted among the loveliest and most successful of Miss Cameron's efforts.

To those distraught over the choice of an evening frock let there be whispered the original and sympathetic charms of a delicate brown mousseline de soie, ornamented across the corsage and down one side of the skirt by a flight of grey tooled velvet butterflies, with faintly-tinted brown bodies. The elegant influence of any species of black tooled velvet garniture, whether realistic or conventional in thought, on a white ground, scarcely needs to be told, nor is the order reversed to be in any sort despised.

Novelty for Brides.

Thus, for Lady Henry Somerset, on a grey velvet coat there was tooled a dignified design of ostrich plumes and ribbon. A garniture composed of sprays of tumbling white roses and leaves formed panels all round the skirt of a lovely creation evolved for Lady Rothschild. A most beautiful bride's gown carried tall white lilies in velour Meronac, disposed as though grown from the hem of the skirt, one lovely bloom flung across the corsage, and completing an enchanting story. Miss Cameron has supplied garnitures to the Queen and the Princess of Wales.

THE VALUE OF FOOTGEAR.

RED RUSSIAN LEATHER SHOES.

A question fraught with large anxieties to the woman who has need to seriously consider ways and means becomes an easy matter to her, who, having the wherewithal to go straight to the fountain head, straightway makes for Alan McAfee, 66-68, Duke-street, Grosvenor-square. For here only one quality is supplied, and that is the best, a condition that holds good alike in cut and material.

Riding boots, as all the world knows, are a notable speciality, and it cannot fail to prove of interest to those not already cognisant of the fact, that the latest approved soft leather tops, inaugurated by McAfee, are accounted of the best success, together with the thicker sole, the latter preventing the otherwise inevitable pressure of the stirrup, adding, at the same time, an increased sense of warmth. While a peep into the future reveals a neat outdoor shoe in a curiously deep, soft shade of red Russian leather.

For evening wear the fairylike golden slipper continues to be smiled upon by the elect, though even more immediately interesting, perhaps, is a new motoring boot, lined throughout with lambswool. The outer covering is of tan leather, used the rough side out for the tops and the smooth for the golosh, and the whole the perfection of neatness and smart, good style. All such sturdy work, by the way, is done at Alan McAfee's by specially-trained hands, whose chief vocation is the treatment of sporting footgear.



A chic plaster-white skating costume, trimmed with soutache braid.

The blouse and under sleeves are made of plisse French lawn, and the Muff has a bunch of violets upon it.

superior medium for a skating garb; it is, in fact, impossible to excel.

It was seen at Hengler's the other day in a sable gown, having the inverted pleats which appeared at intervals round the skirt headed by tiniest

orange stamens. The inevitable ruffles gave a touch of lightness.

Two fetching suits made quite lately by one of our most celebrated costumiers were both built in black and white check material, soft, and light of weight, an important consideration for skating. In one the box-pleated effect of the skirt is continued in most becoming lines up the back of the coat, which coat has facings and cuffs of white cloth embroidered in pastilles with black and white silk, and carries silver ball buttons which accord particularly well. A simple, round, white felt sailor shape, with slightly rolled brim, is the excellent chapeau destined to accompany this costume. And even the enveloping veil repeats the note of chic in cream lace, with tiniest chenille spots at intervals.

The sister gown has a bolero disclosing a kid belt in a delightful shade of soft electric blue, which is renewed in a neat stole-ended collar of velvet, ornamented with white silk braid; while the hat, another triumph of simplicity in white felt, has a blue velvet ribbon ruche.

An Economical View.

There are two classes of women on the modistic horizon. The woman who regards a new sport primarily as the *raison d'être* of a new gown (some such charming confession perhaps as one of the foregoing) and the woman who contrariwise is debarred from the said sport chiefly by the necessity for special apparel. The first would probably consider the last as beneath, rather than on, the modistic horizon. But this is not so at all, as shall be proved.

At one time, owing to the vogue for long skirts, a special property in a jupe of brief dimensions was certainly inevitable. But nowadays everyone has a short pleated skirt, than which nothing is more suitable for skating purposes. A blouse is often the simple addition adopted, but it does not fulfil all that can be desired. And we recommend as limited a bolero as possible, made to match the skirt, and worn, for the sake of coolness, over a skirt of muslin or hemstitched nainsook.

A BARGAIN OF THE DAY.

Peter Robinson, Oxford-street. Special three days' show and sale of the famous Leda corset, reduced to 25s. 6d. the pair. This is a great chance for the woman of moderate means who values a perfect figure.



How to Become a Lady Doctor.



AN ARTICLE OF INTEREST TO CLEVER WOMEN.

By Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES.

THE girl who wishes to become a lady doctor must remember that three things are essential to her success. If she be deficient in any one of them she had better abandon all thought of this interesting and noble profession. The three essentials are good health (good health includes good nerves), good sense, and a sympathetic heart and manner.

Incapables Weeded Out.

It is hardly necessary to state that the parents of the would-be doctor must be prepared to spend a certain amount of money on her general and medical education. For, as we are all aware, the medical training is long, arduous, and expensive, and it cannot be too plainly said that a girl who has had a good all-round education is far more likely to succeed in medicine, as indeed in everything else, than those of her sisters whose mental powers have been stunted and neglected. Fortunately the girl who is lacking in general intelligence will certainly fail to pass the preliminary examinations, and in this way the question, to be or not to be a lady doctor, is solved far more easily than if it were a question of the girl's fitness to become a journalist, a stenographer, or even a teacher.

A famous doctor who was among the most generous and kindly helpers of the woman medical student, once observed that the best age for a girl to begin her medical studies was one-and-twenty, for this means that she will be a qualified lady doctor by the time she is thirty. But, of course, many very successful women doctors have begun studying when they were thirty, when they were forty, and in some cases even later in life.

The Question of Fees.

Fortunately for the would-be lady doctor, a great many medical scholarships are open to her, but even so, the fees are heavy, and unless her home be situated in a university town she has, of course, to find some kind of board and lodging for herself during the thirty-eight weeks of the working year. The fees of the Royal Free Hospital in Gray's Inn-road are £115, or one hundred guineas if paid in advance, and the examination fees are thirty guineas. Thus the daughter of parents who live in London can enjoy a course of the best medical training and find herself qualified with only a disbursement of a hundred and thirty guineas. The fees of the London School of Medicine for Women amount to £125, £10 more being demanded if the sum is paid by instalments—to some a very convenient plan—extending over four years.

Unless a girl has already matriculated at the University of London or at the Royal University of Ireland she must qualify for registration by passing the preliminary examination in arts. Then follows a year in preliminary scientific work, the fees costing some thirty to forty pounds. The Royal University of Ireland, the Scottish Universities, and the University of Durham all admit women to

their examinations, and there is but little need for an Irish or a Scotch girl to try and secure a London medical training unless she can amply afford to do so.

The Least Expensive Way.

The girl who has not had many advantages in the way of education, and whose parents are but slenderly provided with this world's goods, need not wholly despair of becoming a lady doctor. She can obtain the qualification given by Apothecaries' Hall, and should good fortune and success come her way she can always take a better degree later on in her life. But it must not be forgotten that in any case years will have to be spent in study and hard work, and even then the competition for good appointments is great and the question of starting a practice a very serious one.

An Open Field.

In one matter the woman doctor is more fortunate than her medical brother: her field is at once wider and more limited. There are many provincial towns really overstocked with medical men where there is not a single medical woman. Many women, even among those who do not care to encourage the advanced woman movement, feel there are times in their lives when they would much prefer to be attended by their own sex, instead of by a man—a preference that gives a chance to the woman doctor.

Then, again, her training will almost certainly have made her exceptionally familiar with the treatment of babies and children, and in this connection she will often receive much kindly help from the men doctors of the town where she has settled down. But, of course, it would be folly for any woman doctor to settle down in an unknown place, trusting to her door-plate and the chances it may bring, unless she can afford to keep herself in modest comfort, at any rate, for at least two years.

The Woman Doctor's Triumph.

Up to the present time India has offered the medical woman the most interesting and the best paid field. Owing to the unceasing efforts of a remarkable group of women, headed by the Dowager Lady Dufferin, some millions of Indian native women now have the incalculable benefit of the best medical advice and care. Many women students qualify in the Indian Medical Colleges, but, of course, the lady doctor who has a good English degree is likely to obtain a better appointment in one of the women's hospitals which are now to be found all over our vast Indian Empire. During the terrible outbreak of the plague the women's ward at Poona was placed entirely under the charge of a lady doctor, while yet another medical woman was actually chosen by the India Office to go to Bombay in order there to deal with the outbreak of the same awful disease.

The great missionary societies very much encourage the taking of a medical degree by those ladies whom they send out to China, to India, and to Africa. They contribute in certain cases to the expenses of a medical training, and the girl who feels born to missionary work will be wise to turn her attention to medicine.

SIMPLE DISHES.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West End shops.

No. 83.—GRENADINES OF VEAL.

INGREDIENTS.—One pound of fillet of veal, four ounces of larding bacon, three-quarters of a pint of stock, one small carrot, turnip, and onion, two or three sticks of celery, bouquet garni, seasoning, glaze, four large tablespoonsful of sieved spinach.

Cut the veal into neat cutlets. Lard each with three rows of larding bacon.

Cut up the vegetables in large squares; put them in a braising pan with the stock. Put the cutlets on the vegetables, and braise them for about half an hour. Then brush them with a little melted glaze after slightly crisping the bacon in a moderate oven for a minute or so.

Arrange neatly on the sieved and seasoned spinach. Pour round them the stock from the braising pan after straining it and reducing it to about one gill.

Cost 1s. 4d. for about eight or ten portions.

No. 84.—GERMAN GINGERBREAD.

INGREDIENTS.—Five eggs, eight ounces of castor sugar, nine ounces of flour, six ounces of peel, four ounces of almonds, six powdered cloves, one teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, one teaspoonful (level) of ground ginger, half a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, half a level teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, two teaspoonfuls of milk, one tablespoonful of icing sugar.

Whisk the eggs till very frothy with the sugar and spices. Mix the flour with the peel, chopped coarsely, and nearly all the almonds, blanched and halved. Mix these lightly with the eggs. Mix well, and stir in the soda mixed with the milk.

Pour into a buttered deep baking tin, or, better than grease, line it with wafer paper. Put the rest of the almonds on the top. Bake slowly about three-quarters of an hour. When it is nearly done, brush over the top with the sieved icing sugar, mixed to a cream-like consistency with cold water.

Cost 1s. 8d. for 18 small portions.

No. 85.—DRESSED CRAB.

INGREDIENTS.—One crab, one hard boiled egg, two teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley, oil and vinegar, one tablespoonful of white crumbs, salt, pepper.

Break off the claws and feelers, remove all the flesh from them and the body, picking it carefully from the hony centre portion. There is the soft dark flesh and the shell; the latter is separated into strands with a fork. Wash the empty shell, rub it with a little warmed butter to polish it. Chip off the under portion of the shell to make a neat edge.

Mix the soft, dark substance with oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, and the crumbs. Toss the white meat in oil, pepper, and vinegar.

Fill the shell alternately with the two mixtures, piling them rather high in the centre. Decorate in lines with the parsley, chopped white of egg, and the powdered yolks.

Cost 1s. 6d. for six portions.

No. 86.—ORANGE SPONGE.

INGREDIENTS.—Half an ounce of leaf gelatine, half a pint of hot water, two oranges, rind and juice, one raw white of egg, one tablespoonful castor sugar.

Put in a pan the water, sugar, gelatine, and thinly pared rind of the oranges. Stir until the gelatine is melted. Strain it into a basin, and add the orange juice. Let it cool a little and add the white of egg. Whisk it till it becomes a stiff froth.

Then either pile the sponge roughly in a glass dish, or set it before it is quite stiff in a wet mould, and when set turn it out.

Cost 6d. for five portions.

PRIZES FOR RECIPES.

Every Saturday the "Daily Mirror" will award a prize of One Guinea, for the best cooking recipe. The recipe must begin by stating each ingredient to be used in making the dish, and the price of the dish must be given. The recipe must be written on a postcard (letters are barred), and must be addressed to "Chef," The "Daily Mirror," 2, Carnarvon-street, London, E.C.

The last date for sending in this week's prize recipes is Thursday, December 3rd.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.

Stuffed Tomatoes. Tongue Toast.
Eggs à la Crème. Oysters in Batter.
Cold Ham.

LUNCH.

Kidney Soup. Eggs à la Régence.
Macaroni à l'Américaine.
Blanquette of Veal. Porterhouse Steak.
French Pancakes. Orange Sponge.
Cheese Quenelles.

COLD DISHES.

Cold Beef. Chicken and Ham.
Raised Game Pie.
Beetroot and Potato Salad.

TEA.

Sally Luns. Nut Sandwiches.
Swiss Roll. German Gingerbread.
Dumpling Cake.

DINNER.

Purée of Artichokes. Clear Mulligatawny.
Fish.
Dressed Crab. Boiled Brill, Oyster Sauce.

ENTRÉE.

Grenadines of Veal.
Filets of Beef à la Maitre d'Hôtel.

ROASTS.

Goose and Apple Sauce.
Hind Quarter of Mutton.

GAME.

Quails on Toast. Devilled Pheasant.
Vegetables.
Tomatoes au Gratin. Potato Snow.

SWEETS.

Cerise Pudding. Meringues.
Savouries.
Croûtes of Caviar. Cheese Soufflé.

ICE.

Coffee.
Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

VALÉRIE,

12, NEW BURLINGTON ST., REGENT ST., W.

SPECIAL SALE

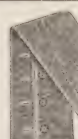
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GLOVES AT WAREHOUSE PRICES.



SPECIAL The "Antonia" Ladies' Best Kid Gloves, 4 Buttons, in Black, White, and all colours, 1/10 per pair, 10/6 per half-dozen pairs.
The "Esmer" Gold Metal Gloves in Black, White, Tan, or Grey, with Self Points, Grey, Lavender, or White with Black Points and Black with White Points, 4 Buttons. The equalled value, 2/6 per pair.

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Ladies' Black Cashmere Hosiery, with High Spliced Heels, Full-fashioned English make.

1/7 PER PAIR. 3 Pairs for 4/0.

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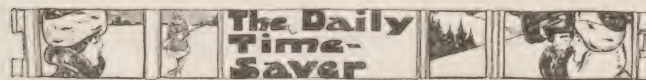
Makes the Pretty and Sensible Christmas Gift.

No ordinary sweeper has so many patented improvements.

Same Prices Everywhere: 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, 80, 85, 90, 95, 100, 105, 110, 115, 120, 125, 130, 135, 140, 145, 150, 155, 160, 165, 170, 175, 180, 185, 190, 195, 200.

BRITISH.

British-made Watches have never been beaten for quality. Of course, an English Lever costs twice as much as a cheap foreign watch, but it's ten times better. On my system of trading a British Watch is placed within the reach of every British workman, and he is able to see exactly what he is buying before he purchases it. You send only 5s. deposit as a guarantee of good faith, the Express English Lever, 50s., is then forwarded to you. Test and examine it, and if satisfactory complete the purchase in nine monthly payments of 5s. If you are not satisfied, return it, and your deposit is instantly refunded. It is fitted with first grade English Lever Movement, Capped and Jewelled, Safety Winding Pinion, Chronometer Balance, Massive Sterling Silver (Hallmarked) Cases, and warranted for seven years. No. 1 Catalogue of all classes of Watches post free. Agents wanted in spare time. Good commission. Write for terms.—J. G. Graves, 176, Division-street, Sheffield. [ADV.]



The Daily Time-Saver

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 25.—SELLE D'AGNEAU DE PAUILLAC FARCIE A LA GRECQUE.

By M. ESCOFFIER, Chef of the Carlton Hotel.

Stuffing: Half a pound of Carolina rice, cooked in the usual way for pilaff. Moisten one chopped onion in two ounces of butter; add to it two ounces of French sausage-meat, one cabbage lettuce cut into a thick julienne, three capsciums in small squares, one soup-spoonful of cooked peas, season well, let simmer half an hour, and add it to the rice.

Choose a nice saddle of Pauillac milk lamb, sew together the skin hanging underneath, forming thus a bag. Fill it with the above rice. Close both ends by sewing a piece of lambskin to it, and bake three-quarters of an hour. A thick veal gravy to be sent in in a sauce boat.

Memoranda for Housekeepers.

The daily time-saver for housekeepers is intended to assist in the morning task of ordering the supplies for the day. Careful study of it will show that it has been so designed as to meet the requirements of those directing establishments conducted on a moderate scale of expense, as well as those on a grand scale.

The choice of dishes will be changed every day, and menus of any length can be easily drawn up from it. They will be specially devised to suit the needs of large and small families.

The lists were corrected at the various London markets on Saturday evening.

PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Fish.
Soles. Plaice. Brill. Cod.
Dories. Smelts. Halibut. Mullet.
Mackerel. Oysters. Shrimps.

Meat.
Mutton. Beef. Veal. Pork.

Game and Poultry.
Turkeys. Geese. Ducks. Chickens.
Rabbits. Pigeons. Pheasants.
Teal. Wild Duck. Hares.
Partridges. Grouse. Venison.

Vegetables.
Sorrel. Sea-kale. Spinach.
French Beans. Celery. Brussels Sprouts.
Tomatoes. Leeks. Asparagus.
Globe and Jerusalem Artichokes.
Cauliflowers.

FRUIT IN SEASON.

Californian and English Apples.
Medlars. Lychees. Melons. Figs.
Oranges. Pineapples. Persimmons.
Pomegranates. Grapes.
Nuts of all kinds.

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Blossoms for the Table.
White Lilac. Orchids. Mimosa.
Roses. Arum Lilies. Chrysanthemums.
Tinted Oak and Beech leaves.

Plants and Cut Flowers for the House.
Spiræas. Cape Gooseberries.
Eucalyptus Plant.
Auratum and Lancelottum Lilies.
Maidenhair. Polypodium.



Woman's Parliament.



ENGLAND'S SHAME.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

The thanks of all children lovers and of all who view with dismay the appalling decay in the physique of our countrymen are due to you for publishing Mr. Robert H. Sherard's articles on the crimes committed against the children of this country.

His first article is a terrible indictment, and I suppose you will find some mealy-mouthed people who will object to the stating of the real facts in a plain, straightforward manner, but it is only by telling people the absolute truth, without any glossing over of the painful facts, that you will ever succeed in providing a remedy.

FLORENCE MORTIMER.

IDEAL DIETS.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

I have read the articles by your specialists on what to eat with a great deal of interest. Your advice is sound, although in some cases the suggestions are rather revolutionary, when one considers the ideas that have been in vogue for many years.

Diet is really a matter of individuality, and I am glad to notice you have emphasised that point.

My own experience is rather curious. I suffered for many years from what the doctors called "chronic dyspepsia." I saw specialist after specialist, and practically every one prescribed a different diet. Finally, one level-headed member of the profession gave me a general idea as to what to avoid, and then said that, inside certain limits, I could eat practically anything I felt inclined for. I have done so, and am better.

St. Albans. LUCY SMYTHE.

WOMEN OR LADIES?

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

If the publicity you have given to the much-abused title of "lady" does anything to reconcile the fair sex to being called "woman" you will be able to congratulate yourself on having accomplished a really useful piece of work.

Almost every distinguished writer from Ruskin downwards has tilted at the snobbery

which induces the shopgirl, the factory hand, and the barmaid to demand that they should be called "ladies."

They have been told over and over again that the word "woman" is one of the most beautiful words in the English language, that historically it conveys a meaning which should make every female proud to have this designation, and one is thankful to notice that the real ladies of to-day are the very last persons in the world to object to being called "women." May those who only provide us with a bad imitation of the real article do likewise.

Kensington. JOHN SQUIRES.

ARE MEN EFFEMINATE?

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

It has taken a long time for men to own to the habit of wearing stays, although only an old habit revived. The many letters in your columns show that men are once more adopting the corset. For some years it had practically died out, partly owing to the idea that any man wearing them was effeminate. The accusation can be dismissed briefly.

Effeminacy is a state of the mind, and cannot be discarded at will: an effeminate man will always be so; a non-effeminate man will not become so because he wears stays.

The other reason why men have for so long discarded corsets is the difficulty of obtaining them. Corsetiers have not realised that their business would be enormously extended if they endeavoured to meet the demand with an article as little resembling a horse-cloth as possible. A few firms advertise "corsets for gentlemen," but they are of a heavy, coarse, ungainly shape. There is no real reason why everything a man wears should be of a hideous nature.

ONE WHO WEARS CORSETS.

NOT REALLY ANTIQUE.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

Your article on the clever forgeries of antique furniture, jewels, and ornaments generally reminds me of the existence in London of a factory which is turning out these clever imitations.

Of course, the expert knows the forgery directly he sees it, but the ordinary collector who wants pretty things is easily deceived. I have been personally much amused at seeing some of the collections of the American mil-

lionaires. There is no doubt that in many cases they paid positively astounding prices for what are absolute forgeries of genuine antique work.

Personally, I cannot confess to any regret that these gentlemen who, as far as collecting goes, have a great deal more money than sense, have been taken in, but I think it is wise to issue a warning to the man and woman of moderate means, who may so easily be entrapped by the really clever imitations with which the market is at present flooded.

COLLECTOR.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S WORDS.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

A letter published by you last week appears to me to need a little clearing up. The writer states he "has never met a parent in state-provided schools who was not strongly in favour of religious teaching."

The question to decide is, in what consists religious teaching? The unfortunate state of affairs being that there are two distinct views as to what religious teaching should be. There is Mr. Athelstan Riley's view, which is strongly in favour of "denominational education, based upon definite religious principles, which was gravely imperilled by the Act of 1870."

Then we have what I feel certain a large and growing number of parents think the ideal of religious training, which I cannot describe better than by quoting the words used by our late Queen, after visiting what was called the Model School in Dublin:—

"Children of all creeds are admitted—the only teaching enforced is that of the Gospel truths and love and charity."—Yours faithfully,

MADELINE GREENWOOD.

73, West Cromwell-road, S.W.

QUALIFYING FOR BARNUM'S.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

For the past few days I have read with mingled horror and astonishment the various letters received by you on this subject.

"Small Waist" is a revelation, for I thought tight-lacing had died long ago. How sad to have to sacrifice one's internal organs to what one evidently supposes to be "smartness" or elegance. For, of course, there can be no question of grace of outline or beauty.

"Small Waist" speaks of a 14-inch waist! The size of one's neck! What a terrible, truly grotesque appearance she must present; and the pathetic part of it is that those sort of people don't know how weird they look!

With the present fashions it is so easy to combine grace and elegance with a normal waist. The finest figure I know belongs to a

girl who actually wears no corsets, but was trained at one of our greatest physical training colleges.

I quite agree that there is nothing more objectionable than a dowdy, sloppy, styleless figure, but I maintain that a woman of taste and good proportions can look ten times more elegant with a normal waist than with one of the "spider" kind.

As for "Experiment," surely it must be a joke, for I should imagine that a man with a 17-inch waist would look weird enough for Barnum's! I can't imagine how he ventures out of doors.

NORMAL WAIST

Herne Hill, Nov. 24.

SPIDER WAISTS.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

I read with great disgust "Experiment's" confession. It is fortunate for our sex that such effeminate creatures are few and far between.

In women tight lacing, whether it be injurious to health or not, is at least becoming. In men it can only be called contemptible.

One can imagine the sickening sight of "Experiment" lacing into nineteen inches. I presume he has no business to attend to, and can therefore allow himself a couple of hours to devote to his toilet, divided between his waist, hair curlers, and other effeminate accessories.—Yours, etc.,

A MAN.

\$500 for a Postcard.

We are desirous of receiving suggestions for the development of the Daily Mirror. We will present

£1,000

to those who send the best hints, written on postcards, on or before Wednesday, December 2nd. Any person can send any number of hints, and gentlemen as well as ladies can assist. The rule should be observed of one hint on one postcard. Those sending letters instead of postcards will be disqualified.

The £1,000 will be divided as follows:—

For the Best Suggestion - £500.
For the Second Best - £200.
Eighty other Suggestions - £5 each.

The winners may, if they choose, nominate charities for the receipt of their awards if they do not care to retain the money themselves.

With regard to the awards for postcard suggestions, the Editors of the Daily Mirror reserve to themselves the absolute right to be the sole arbitrators in making any gift or award without giving any reason, and in case of any dispute their decision must be considered as final.

All postcards should be addressed to:—

Suggestion Department,
THE DAILY MIRROR,
2, Carmelite-street,
LONDON, E.C.

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

By CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "BY RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.")

CHAPTER XXVI.

Continued.

"I THOUGHT," said Christian, miserably, "that when I told you it would be the end of everything between us you would turn away in disgust and never speak to me again, never look at me."

"And why, pray? What difference can it possibly make? Can the fact that you have a wife suddenly kill my love for you?"

"Claudia!"

"Did your whole nature change when you heard that I was going to marry Verulam? Oh, I suppose I am shocking you, I suppose you think I am horrid; but at least I will be honest—to-day, at any rate. I have been living in lies and deceit for so long that I simply must tear away all the tawdry veneer and say what I mean. For God's sake, let us come out into the light, and look Truth in the face with naked eyes, not through coloured spectacles. You tell me you are married. Well, I confess I was shocked, surprised. You must admit," she added, with a little laugh, "that it did come as a sort of thunderbolt. A disappointment, too," she added, softly, "because it means, I suppose, that you cannot marry me."

"Oh, my darling!" the man groaned aloud.

"But," she went on as one inspired, "you have not told me that you have ceased to love me. Love and marriage are two very different things. Tell me the whole story; tell me why it has been kept a secret. It really sounds most mysterious. I had no idea you were a martyr to the social juggernaut."

"I am no martyr," he answered, moodily.

"I did what I did with my eyes open, seeing the consequences, appreciating them. I looked a long way into the future, and I chose my path."

"But you did not look as far as Castellar?"

Your vision did not embrace yesterday—eh?"

"No," he said.

"And, if it had, you would have acted differently?"

"Don't, Claudia, for the love of Heaven, don't talk like that! You make me think unutterable thoughts. I am but human."

"Yes," she sighed, "and we live in the most

human of ages—the most prosaic. But tell me the story. What is her name?"

"Vera—Vera Mijatovitch."

"A Russian?"

"No, a Servian."

"Is she beautiful?"

"I suppose so," he said dully. "But what does it matter? She might have been as ugly as her sin, for ought I should have cared."

"But where is she? Why does no one know about it? Can't you see that this is all most inexplicable to me. I hate dragging everything out of you; but, well, you seem to want to keep it back from me, who, of all people, should know."

"Oh, it is not that. I do not want to keep anything back, God knows; but I am ashamed—horribly ashamed. It is so small and mean, and I still cling to your good opinion."

"You have done something of which you are ashamed? Is that it?" Her voice sank.

"No, it is not that exactly; and yet—well, there isn't much to tell. You know that I am interested in several institutions in the East End of London, that, when I am in town, in short, for the greater part of my time, I live at the Settlement there. Well, it was, as I say, a little over two years ago, when I was smarting under the realisation that you were lost to me for ever, that I met Vera. She was a strange woman then, and is still. She was working amongst the Poles in Poplar, and in those terrible districts. She was, in fact, a member of the same Settlement. Herself a political refugee, of a good Balkan family, she had been educated in England and had travelled in America. She and I were thrown a good deal into each other's company, and she had strange views—views on the sex problem, which was her hobby. She told me, after we had known each other and talked and discussed things for two or three months, that when she ever met a man who was prepared to think and behave as she, and who was prepared to make the sacrifice that her creed entailed, she would marry him, if he were willing."

"And what was her creed?"

The man laughed. "Her creed was, like many other people's, not her life. It was beyond her and all human life. She believed that the salvation of the race lay in the limitation of the population. She believed in marriage as a social tie between man and woman, and nothing more. In theory it was all very excellent. At that time it appealed to me. I need not tell you all her arguments and views, but merely that we were legally married as an experiment, and on the mutual understanding that our marriage be kept a secret between us for three years. We each went our different ways, and lived our separate lives. It was a foolish experiment, and ended in complete failure. She was a

woman. I was a man."

Claudia shivered. "You mean," she said faintly, "that you—you grew fond of each other?"

"No. There was no mental attraction at all."

"I see," said Claudia, and her voice was hard. "I see. And—and your mother? Did she know of your marriage?"

"No. I told no one; and, as far as I know, neither did she. We were married at a registry office; there is no question of the legality of the civil contract."

"Well, and what happened?"

"That depends on one's point of view. It might be nothing—or a moral tragedy. You shall judge. Three months after our marriage she told me that she had come to see that her creed was wrong, and that the old idea was right, because it was natural. She asked me to go and live with her."

"Refused. It was not part of our bargain. Besides, it would have been intolerable. You do not understand."

"But I think I do. Well, and then?"

"There was a big scene—the moral tragedy. She laid all the blame of the future upon me, and left me. 'You have driven me to the devil,' she said."

"Have you ever seen her since?"

"Yes, once." He shuddered.

"Where?"

"In the Euston-road, about one in the morning. I tried to speak to her, to help her; but she was too drunk to know me, and a policeman moved her on. She cursed us both. I tried to find her after that; but she is only one of hundreds of thousands."

"Oh, it is horrible, it is cruel—cruel!"

"She is alive," he said, "because I saw her name in the police report about a month ago. They called her an incorrigible, and made some cheap witticism about alien emigration. She never used my name. She has always been Vera Mijatovitch."

"But you could divorce her?"

"Yes, if I chose to make my marriage public. As it is, no one knows."

"She may die."

"Like Verulam? Ah, no. She is one of those who will live. Oh, I am very, very sorry for her. I often wonder what I ought to have done. It is a sordid story, a squalid tragedy, Claudia. There, now it's over, and you know everything."

"Poor, poor woman," said the girl, and her voice was choked with sobs, and her eyes glistened with tears. "What was she like—when you first knew her—not now. No, I can picture her now. Poor woman!"

"She was older than I, and looked older than she really was—thirty years. She was clever, cold, without any sense of humour; but she had a good heart. She lived for other people. She worked for the vindication of the rights of women—to be as bad as men—worked night and day sometimes, and she

was one of those without a God—an Atheist, she called herself."

"Yet, she had a devil."

"That was afterwards. She may have a God by now."

"I pray so. Oh, Christian, how dreadful it all is! Why did you do it? I can't realise it. It is horrid! Oh, you should not have done it. It is too cruel."

"Now you understand," he said sombrely, "why it is that I ought not to tell you I love you, Claudia."

"Oh, no, no, I don't. What difference does it make? Don't you want my love now, Christian, more than ever?"

The old witchery, the spell of sense was around them again, enfolding them in a fairy garment. They were together.

All the past, that grim phantom of red horror that had been conjured up out of the deep, had gone, faded away into oblivion, and they were alone again, and the breaking surf sang the song of Venusberg in their ears.

What mattered anything? These two made a world, a universe; these two were laws unto themselves, because they were Love incarnate, which was law unto their world.

The woman's eyes were misty, as she looked into his in the darkening twilight that cast purple shadows around them. The mountains were purple flames with jagged edges of blood; the sea moved like a simmering lake of molten metal. A deadly silence had fallen on the world, a chill of the death of the day. In the groves of Cap Martin the shadows were black as ink, black as the sad cypress against the fading light in the west. Earth and sky and sea seemed suddenly to blaze up into a holocaust of coloured fire; for a few awful moments Nature had become glorified; then the lights faded, and dazzling crimson sank into pinks and pale translucent yellows, fainter and less luminous, greens, pale blues, heliotropes, fainter—fainter, until all the world was merged into an effulgence of cold blues, and high in the heavens rose a ruddy star, like a many-faceted diamond. It was already night.

"Venus is an evening star this month," he said. "Look!"

"It is Mars," she said, and shuddered, for the evening chill bit her. "And it is awfully late. We ought to be going."

"No, no, not yet. Claudia, this is the moment of existence. Everything has led up to this moment; everything will recede from it. It is the hour."

"Christian—oh, my love! There is nothing to be done. I shall always love you—always, always."

He took her hands. "Kiss me," he said, hoarsely. "Claudia, kiss me."

"No, no, not here," she said, quickly. "See, we are near the road."

When you have read the Small Advertisements on this page and the next, look at the hundreds of Bargains on page 16.

Advertisements of DOMESTIC SERVANTS REQUIRING SITUATIONS, EMPLOYERS REQUIRING DOMESTIC SERVANTS, ARTICLES FOR SALE and WANTED, APARTMENTS FURNISHED and UNFURNISHED, HOUSES and FLATS to LET and WANTED, MISCELLANEOUS and PRIVATE ANNOUNCEMENTS, are received at the Offices of the "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., between the hours of 10 and 7, for insertion in the issue of the following day, at the rate of 12 words 1/6, 1/4d. each word afterwards. Advertisements can be left at the Offices, or they can be sent by post, when they must be accompanied by Postal Orders (stamps will not be accepted) crossed BARCLAY & CO.

"Daily Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Mirror" Offices, a Box Department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

The Domestic Bureau which the "Daily Mirror" has opened at 45 and 46, New Bond Street, for the benefit of mistress and maid, has undertaken the task of verifying references; but, while every care is taken, obviously no absolute guarantee can be given. Advertisers in the "Daily Mirror" are entitled to use the "Daily Mirror" Bureau, which is open from 10 to 5, without any charge.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

DAILY WORK wanted, or would take place for month.—Write T. 41, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

ESTATE Manager; electrical, mechanical engineer; well up in motor-cars, electric lighting, estate jobbing, repairs, etc.—2, Stockton-road, Reigate.

WIDOW; 32; quick and energetic, desirous to learn routine of good private hotel; two preferred; no salary.—Write 290, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

Manservant.
BUTLER-VALET wanted; must be used to hunting clothes.—Write T. 104, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Cooks.

COOK wanted for country; must understand dairy; reliable woman.—Miss Jones, East Wickham, Welling, Kent. 3390

COOK (good plain); country; assistance given; 42s. a week.—Write T. 49, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3360

COOK (good plain); country; house near London.—Write T. 89, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3360

COOK (good plain) wanted; £22-£24; 4 servants kept.—Write T. 52, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3360

COOK (good plain) wanted for school.—Write T. 86, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3360

COOK (good plain) wanted; age about 30; for a dressmaking establishment near Victoria; sleep out; must have good personal character.—Apply Friday, between 4 and 7, at 11, Hobart-place, S.W. 3360

COOK (plain) wanted; only place by Dec. 14.—Write T. 99, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3360

COOK (good) wanted; for town, 19 Dec.; small family; 4 servants kept.—Write T. 50, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3361

COOK wanted at once; two in family.—Write T. 13, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3361

COOK wanted; must be smart and active; 3 servants kept; 2 in family.—Write T. 100, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3361

COOK (good plain); £18-20; for country.—Write T. 146, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3362

COOK and House-Parlourmaid (good) wanted at once.—Mrs. Scherlich, 54, Harley Road, Regent's Park, N.W. 2258

COOK and parlourmaid (experienced) for country in family.—Write T. 67, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3362

SITUATIONS VACANT.

COOK and House-Parlourmaid wanted; near London.—Write T. 92, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3362

COOK and House-Parlourmaid (good) wanted for Dec. 9; £25-£28 and £18-£22; experienced foreign or English; speak Mrs. Timins, Hotel Metropole, Bexhill. 3359

COOK and House-Parlourmaid (good) wanted for Blackheath; 3 in family; wages £20 and £18.—Write T. 33, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3360

COOK GENERAL (good); wait table evenings; unimpaired.—Upper part, 35, Colville-garden, W. 3377

COOK GENERAL wanted; quiet family; help given.—Miss Harrison, Berrylands-road, Surbiton. 3364

COOK GENERAL Wanted; must cook well; three servants kept.—Mrs. Druett, Rectory Heath. 3376

COOK GENERAL wanted; clergyman's family in country.—Mrs. Barrett, West Moors, near Wimborne. 3355

COOK GENERAL wanted; Limpland, Surrey; good wages to competent woman; comfortable home; housemaid kept.—Apply Mrs. T. G. The Glens House, Limpland, Surrey. 3351

General Servants.
DAILY SERVANT (superior) wanted; for flat.—Write T. 95, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3362

GENERAL (good, young), wanted at once; for 2 in family; must have good character.—D. G., Bromley-road, Sharnbrook, Kent. 3364

GENERAL; young; 17 or 18 years; no cooking required; £10-10/6; Apply, 29, Disraeli-road, Kaling. 3360

GENERAL (young) for flat wanted.—Write T. Mrs. Andrew, 4, Digby-mansions, Hampstead. 3357

GENERAL (good) wanted; must be of good appearance.—Write T. 101, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3362

GENERAL wanted; very easy place; good appearance necessary.—Write T. 102, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3361

GENERAL (good) wanted; for one lady in small flat.—Write T. 34, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3361

GENERAL (good) wanted; also young Nursemaid; three in family; sisters or friends preferred.—Gilbertson, Waverley, Sidcup. 2260

GENERAL wanted; December 28; foreign preferred; plain cooking for small flat; £14-16; character; no registry office.—W. D. Platt, 1, Morphett-crescent, Westminster. 2279

GENERAL (good cooking) wanted for flat; 2 in family; £20-22; by December 4.—Brown Morrison, 55, Shaftesbury-road, West Hampstead. 2276

GENERAL thoroughly good, for country; 2 in family.—Mrs. Boyston, Bedford. 2276

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Menservants.
BUTLER, thoroughly experienced; age 46; £50-55.—Write T. 58, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOTEL PORTER, good references, disengaged now.—Write T. 43, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Cooks.
COOK (experienced), age 45; £26-£30; short references.—Write T. 54, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (good); now disengaged; 10 years' references.—Write T. 47, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (good) wants situation; 12 months' character; £42.—Write T. 46, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (good plain), desires temporary place; 12s-15s weekly; highly recommended.—Write T. 53, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK; first-class; disengaged now.—Write T. 50, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK—HOUSEKEEPER; disengaged; 1 year's references; age 36.—Write T. 59, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (good, plain); disengaged now.—Write T. 80, 112, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3375

COOK; now disengaged; age 30; requires £12-15s.—Write T. 60, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PROFESSOR COOK, for dinners, hall suppers; excellent references.—Write T. 39, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Housekeeper.
WIDOW, with excellent references, seeks situation as housekeeper.—Write T. 49, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Companion.
COMPANION-HOUSEKEEPER, desires situation; £24; plain cooking.—Write T. 64, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Parlourmaids.
DAILY Work as Parlour or Housemaid; must sleep out.—Write T. 43, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID, age 22; £20; disengaged December 31.—Write T. 44, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Lady's Maids.
LADY'S MAID, age 38; £30-£35; good needlewoman and packer.—Write T. 36, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LADY'S MAID; good packer and needlewoman; £20.—Write T. 65, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Governesses.
GOVERNESS (French), age 20; £25-30; school or private.—Write T. 51, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GOVERNESS, North German; good music and drawing.—Write T. 45, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GOVERNESS, Swiss, disengaged; well educated; good references.—Write T. 36, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

GOVERNESS, thorough; English, French, Latin, and music.—Write T. 53, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GOVERNESS, French (experienced); good references.—Write T. 61, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

NURSERY GOVERNESS; thoroughly experienced; £20-£25.—Write T. 62, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Nurses.
LADY NURSE, age 38; £26-30; no uniform; disengaged.—Write T. 52, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2277

UNDER NURSE, disengaged; age 18; £7.5.—Write T. 66, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

WANTED, Situation, to take charge of a little girl and sewing.—Flora Hayes, Gypsy-burne, Ashby-road, Longborough. 3353

Housemaids.
HEAD-HOUSEMAID desires temporary post as Caretaker; 16s-15s weekly.—Write T. 67, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSEMAID; disengaged December 19th; £18-20; age 23.—Write T. 57, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

USEFUL MAID for country; age 35; £20; disengaged.—Write T. 56, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

USEFUL MAID; age 20; £20-24; town; disengaged December 9th.—Write T. 55, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Miscellaneous.
CARETAKER Desires charge of house; good references.—Write T. 46 "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

"Daily Mirror" Small Advertisements continued on next page.

Continued from Page 13.

"I must kiss you," he said. "I must. Come into the wood. We shall be alone there."

"Oh, Christian!"

"Come into the wood," he said again, and together they disappeared into the shadow that was blacker than the night.

"Of course," said Claudia, as they drove back to Mentone in a hired voiture, picked up outside the Hotel Victoria, at the terminus of the electric tramway, "all this has been madness, a kind of obsession. You have your life, your career. You must go back to your work, and—yes, and I think there is no doubt about it—you must do something for your wife. You can't leave her to perish utterly."

"She has already perished," replied the man gloomily. "You would not have me go to her, would you?"

"I don't know. That is just what I was thinking. It strikes me as being very strange," she said thoughtfully, "that she never demanded her legal rights. Doesn't that appeal to you? I mean, well, after all, whatever ideas and theories you might have had concerning this strange marriage, you were her husband and—"

"She hesitated, stumbling over her words."

"Yes, and responsible for her," he added. "Legally, I suppose, I am more to blame than she."

"I don't go so far as to say that. What surprises me, however, is the fact that she never brought your name—her name—into the business."

"Why should she?"

"It must have been a temptation."

"Not to her. You do not know the sort of woman she is. She is a strange creature."

"I feel," said Claudia, "that I should like to see her, to know her."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Christian, devoutly. "You do not know what you are saying."

There were no words between them for some moments. It was quite dark now, save in the sky behind them, where the Tête de Chien and the crow-crowned Mont Agel stood out in inky silhouette against the pale after-glow in the West.

Mentone was a tiny city of lights. From every window of the numberless hotels a light shone. People were dressing for dinner.

"I'm afraid you will have rather a rush," said the man, as they bowed along the almost deserted Promenade du Midi, and swung round to the left and into the Rue St. Michel, to clatter round the Quai Bonaparte.

"I don't mind," she answered. "I wish the drive were longer. I have so many things to say. And, somehow, I don't like to leave things as they are."

"There is nothing to be done," said the man, grimly. "Talking won't do any good. We've just got to go on living."

A few moments afterwards they were at the hotel.

It was a prosaic ending to their tragedy, a commonplace parting.

They shook hands. It was all so solemnly conventional. The hotel servants stood around her; the string band was tuning up inside the hotel. She felt for a moment as if she must laugh aloud.

"Au revoir," said the man, raising his hat.

"Au revoir," she murmured, bowed, and turned to go into the hotel. A mist swam before her eyes; lights and people danced in phantasmagorical chaos. Cap Martin and Arcady seemed like some dimly-remembered dreams. She was face to face with reality and life, and the hand struck up the "Wedding March" from "Lohengrin" as she entered the lift—as if to mock her.

Yes, she had been dreaming, and now she was awake; and the awakening was full of pain and vague unrest.

What a mockery it all was! Lies—lies, from the beginning of it all to the end of it all. And this afternoon she had torn aside the curtains and looked into the Temple of Truth; and in the Temple of Truth there were no gods of Duty and Conscience and Expediency. But she was outside again, back in the world of lies; and duty and conscience and expediency told her that she and Christian Morning ought never to meet again, and she, being a sensible woman of reason and common sense, knew that for her there was only one wise course. Their paths should separate, here and now. She ought to force all thought of him from her. Yes, she saw it all clearly. The glamour was gone, and only the hard fact remained, and the never-ceasing voice within her, dinning the iron of duty and expediency into her soul. They had both been mad, and she was not sorry; but the madness was over and done with now. In the Temple of Truth there is no future; but in the world of lies the future loomed ahead, full of illimitable possibilities. She saw ruin there in her path, loss of the world's respect, loss of position, loss of caste; and she hid her eyes, for the spectre was grim.

And then from behind the Hag Run the Angel of Love appeared, strewing the path with roses and beckoning her. And she fell to wondering whether she would still follow the angel, even though the hag crouched in her way.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"REALLY, Martia," said Lady Dexter the next morning, "I never thought I should live to be ashamed of my own daughter."

"What do you mean?" Martia understood

perfectly well, but pretended not to. All her sympathies were on the other side. She stood in the small, trim garden of the hotel, a slim, fashionable figure all in white, twirling her sunshade by its crook of pale tortoiseshell, an article of extravagant luxury purchased out of the proceeds of a lucky day over yonder in the little white town, with its dreamlike beauty, and its clear atmosphere full of perpetual unrest. She was waiting to go over there now with the eager morning crowd. Jacqueline, who was always late, except for meals, was putting the finishing touches to her smart toilet upstairs. Martia was taking her to Monte Carlo to lunch with Colonel Joscelyn; and Baron Stein von Wald, who was sitting on the other side of the porch, deep in the "Frankfurter Zeitung," was to be of the party too. Lady Dexter, as usual, was preparing to spend the short morning with a novel under the palms. She never went to Monte Carlo; it reminded her too much of the riotous weeks she had spent down here with her first husband, and she grew bitter every time she thought of how different her life would have been if he had lived. Besides, in her lately-assumed garment of religion, she sternly condemned in memory all the pleasant weaknesses of her youth. So she had refused the Colonel's invitation, in which, of course, she had been included. She preferred to stay in the garden and read, gossiping at intervals with those inmates of the hotel whom she deemed worthy of her recognition. It was not as exciting, or as pleasant, as a luncheon at Ciro's, but then it did not irritate her nerves.

Her ladyship was sitting down; she looked s'out and elegant in the grey canvas gown that fitted too tightly, which was one of the very few things she had allowed herself out of Lord Clowes's five hundred pounds, which Claudia had contemptuously flung into her lap. She was really a devoted mother, and she looked up at Martia with an air of having been treated with gross ingratitude and with a demand for sympathy in her calculating eyes.

"You know quite well what I mean, Martia. I am speaking of Claudia. Her conduct is monstrous. The most charitable thing to imagine is that the unhappy girl is bewitched."

Martia gave a little laugh. "By the climate?" she asked. "You know, some folks are intoxicated—by the sun."

"I wish you would be serious, Martia."

"If I were serious, I am afraid I could not sympathise with you. I, too, am glad."

"You are monsters, both of you! Glad that Verulam is dead!"

"Glad that Claudia is free," corrected Martia more gently. "She was miserable. You must know that."

"Nonsense," said her ladyship, and Martia

heard in her voice the gathering of the much-dreaded tears. "She chose him; you speak as if someone made her do it. Really, Martia, it is time you got rid of your ridiculous romantic notions and settled down. Women like you set a bad example. You think of nothing but yourselves; you entirely ignore your duties to your families and to the world, and, when it is a question of marriage, you talk of nothing but love and tomfoolery of that sort. It isn't fair to young girls; it isn't even decent. Marriage is a discipline; the first consideration about a husband is that his position and his character should be suitable."

"And his purse full, according to you," said Martia, with a little smile. "That's all very well, Lady Dexter. Most girls take kindly enough to that sort of wisdom. But Claudia is made of different stuff."

"I knew you'd been putting a lot of nonsense into her head," whined her ladyship, and then her bitter disappointment got the better of her, and she eyed the tall, white figure maliciously. "But you'll get all that knocked out of you one day, my dear," she said, with an effort at nonchalance. "Wait until your Philip gets tired of you!"

She had hardly calculated the effect of her spiteful words; and she shrank back almost in alarm, as the girl, white as death, took a step nearer to her, her beautiful eyes blind with anger. But Martia only said in a low voice, cold and tense: "You are a wicked woman. I should hate you, only I know that you are half crazy with disappointment because this man is dead to whom you wanted to sell your daughter, and who would have made her so miserable that she would have wished she were dead every day of her life. I don't understand mothers."

"Oh, Martia, you are cruel!" Lady Dexter fumbled for her handkerchief. "I have sacrificed myself for my children all my life. And it was true enough; but she had a fixed idea that they ought to repay her with sacrifice, if it were necessary. 'And, of course,' she added, 'I didn't mean what I said. I hope you'll always be happy; it is beautiful to see you and Philip; there are so few true marriages. Only I am so worried; you must make allowances. It is not only that Verulam is dead. That is a tragedy, although no one seems to see it, except his father and myself. But it is Claudia's behaviour that upsets me most; she behaves like a savage, as if she had no ties, and snapped her fingers at the obligations of her position. She comes down to meals; she talks to people, and even smiles, and yesterday—would you believe it, yesterday—she actually went for a walk with Christian Morning, a young man I thoroughly disapprove of, about whom I had occasion to speak to her very seriously some years ago before you came to Torhampton."

To be Continued to-morrow.

"Daily Mirror" Small Advertisements (Continued).

DAILY BARGAINS.

The articles advertised in these columns are not on show at the "Daily Mirror" Offices in Bond-street. Readers must communicate with the advertisers by letter.

Dress.

A BEAUTIFUL Irish lace Cape Collar, in heavy rose design; good condition; £2 10s. - Write Z. 1406, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A CHARMING blue mousseline de soie Evening Gown, lined silk, gathered round skirt, bodice beautifully trimmed; £3 10s.-Write Z. 1357, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A CHARMING Demi-Toilette of point d'esprit net over white satin; joined fichu on bodice, with long ends; nearly new; £2 4s. - Write Z. 1375, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A CHARMING House Gown of pale grey cashmere; trimmed with velvet; gauged on bodice and skirt; 28s. - Write Z. 1426, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A CHARMING pale blue silk Petticoat, with fine frills of blue and white silk; alternately lined; 25s. - Write Z. 1364, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A CHARMING Theatre Blouse of ivory lily terry satin, with yoke of opalescent sequin trimming and chiffon frills; 25s.-Write Z. 1392, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A CHARMING white nun's veiling Dress, new full skirt, beige bodice, trimmed lovely guipure and touches of emerald green; worn twice; 25s. - Write Z. 1419, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A DAINTY Theatre Blouse of cream spotted net; trimmed silk balls; 21 waist; 25s.-Write Z. 1356, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A FRENCH, reads de face cloth Costume; lined silk; handsome trimming; medium figure; £2 10s.-Write Z. 1350, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A HANDSOME Evening Cloak of red velvet; lined silk brocade; trimmed rich Chantilly lace; nearly new; 25s. - Write Z. 1410, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A LADY wishes to dispose of lovely maize silk crêpe de Chine Evening Gown, trimmed beautiful lace, 25s. - Write Z. 1355, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A LOVELY lace Gown, over ivory satin, with narrow fur trimming on bodice and skirt; perfectly fresh, most becoming; 25s. - Write Z. 1373, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A LOVELY Picture Hat; pastel-blue felt; trimmed with white velvet; quite fresh; 20s.-Write Z. 1328, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A LOVELY Theatre Cloak, in powder-blue cashmere; lined white silk; three-quarter length; £3 10s.-Write Z. 1395, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A MOST exquisite model Gown of spotted ivory chiffon, over liberty satin; trimmed gold thread embroidery and trails of tiny frills; high waist; cost 25 guineas; for £10.-Write Z. 1376, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A STYLISH Gown of fine grey cloth, trimmed with green and gold; 24 length; 42.-Write Z. 1363, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A STYLISH light brown frize Gown, with waist-shaped coat; scarcely worn; 41s. - Write Z. 1359, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A VERY dainty Demi-Toilette for small figure of ivory accordion-plaited chiffon; lace inserted; with frills edged with velvet; bodice; £2 15s.-Write Z. 1379, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A VERY distinguished Gown of electric blue cloth, modelled in long pleated skirt; bodice silk lined throughout; tall, full figure; 10s.-Write Z. 1385, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A VERY Handsome Demi-Toilette Theatre Blouse of black sequin net, transparent lace inserted; with frills edged with velvet; 30s.-Write Z. 1340, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A LEXANDRA dress Shoes; patent or glazed; made on Wedgwood's last; 11½d. - Write Z. 1114, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A BEAUTIFUL black silk open-work Jacket, in shape, small figure; 10s. - Write Z. 1354, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A BEAUTIFUL Evening Model Gown in fuchsia red cloth; modelled in long pleated skirt; waist 21 length; 40; £4 10s.-Write Z. 1332, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A VERY ELEGANT Theatre Wrap of brown soughle lace, trimmed oriental embroidery; with deep blue ruffles; scarcely worn; £8 10s.; a bargain.-Write Z. 1377, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A VERY Exceedingly chic Costume of rose pink chiffon over silk; trimmed accordion-plaited frills, and deep cream lace; 22s. - Write Z. 1372, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A VERY black Costume (by Fenwick) richly braided, silk-lined throughout; good new; £4. - Write Z. 1325, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A VERY French model Costume, beautifully trimmed; cost 15 guineas; for £6.-Write Z. 1323, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A VERY black Costume (by Fenwick) in pale pink Orient satin; wide lace flounces, edged fur on bodice and skirt; short ash brown velvet, edged silk fringe; cost 26 guineas; for £10.-a bargain.-Write Z. 1414, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A VERY white chemise "Touge" new shape; worn twice; 15s.-Write Z. 1336, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A VERY long Clothes, complete set, 50 articles; very choice; unused; 21s. - Write Z. 1374, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A VERY complete outfit; 68 articles; 21s. - Write Z. 1374, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A VERY handsome robe, day-gown, night-gown, flannels, etc.; approved Call or Write, Mrs. Morris, 251, Uxbridge-road, Shepherd's-bush; near Askew Arms.

A VERY Sealskin Jacket; latest saquee shape; double-breasted; with revers and storm collar; quite new; going abroad; only 15s. - Write Z. 1351, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A VERY Persian Lama Fur Necklet, natural white, silk lined, sacrifice 90s. - Write Z. 1351, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A VERY Sealskin Jacket; latest saquee shape; double-breasted; with revers and storm collar; quite new; going abroad; only 15s. - Write Z. 1351, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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DAILY BARGAINS.

A BEAUTIFUL white chiffon Evening Gown, lined silk; bodice and bodice, trimmed real lace; quite fresh; 25s. - Write Z. 1324, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A BISCUIT White Dress; beautifully trimmed with white lace and black velvet belt; 10s. - Write Z. 1401, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A BLACK accordion Gown, over glazed silk; trimmed black insertion and lace; beige bodice; 23s. - Write Z. 1327, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A BLACK lace Coatee; never worn; handsome design; small figure; 15s.-Write Z. 1353, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A BLACK tailor-made face-cloth three-quarter Newmarket Coat; lined black silk; 36s. - Write Z. 1362, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A BLACK figured Silk Gown (suit elderly lady); trimmed jet and lace; 42s.-Write Z. 1359, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A BLOUSE, Costumes, Silk Petticoats, Corsets, Underlinen. - Extraordinary value. - 35. - Write Z. 1362, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A BLUE and white speckled cloth Russian Coat; silk stockings; 25s. - Write Z. 1349, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A CHARMING Dinner Gown of ivory d'esprit net; bodice and skirt; 25s. - Write Z. 1346, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A CHARMING Little Shoulder Cape of white marabout and tips for evening wear, lined white; 35s. - Write Z. 1341, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A CHARMING pale pink Dressing Gown; full front of marsh silk; very dainty; sleeveless; trimmed lace; quite fresh; 35s.-Write Z. 1362, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A CHARMING reads green cloth Gown; tailor-made; pleated skirt; silk-lined; 35s.-Write Z. 1378, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A VERY Lady's black velvet Mantle; handsomely trimmed with silk and lovely black velvet; 35s. - Write Z. 1341, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A VERY Lady's black Silk Mantle; lined white; 35s. - Write Z. 1341, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A VERY Pink Silk Evening Petticoat, point d'esprit flounce, black belt; 20s. - Write Z. 1341, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A VERY handsome evening dress, black velvet; 35s. - Write Z. 1341, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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DAILY BARGAINS.

A LOVELY "Granny" Muff and large pelerine of fine quality Mink (International Fur Store); cost 8 guineas; price £3.-Write Z. 1339, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A LOVELY Large Pelerine and Muff (new shape); black fur; splendour quality; £5 5s. - Write Z. 1354, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A LOVELY salmon-pink Liberty satin Empire Gown, rich silk embroidery; good condition; 25s. - Write Z. 1404, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A LOVELY asphire blue velvet Gown; cost 12 guineas; for £4 15s.-Write Z. 1427, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A LOVELY set of white Fox, lined white satin; cost 12 guineas; for £4 15s.-Write Z. 1427, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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DAILY BARGAINS.

A SMART Skirt for smart people; strictly tailored; price 5s. 6d.; made to measure only; fit and style beyond reproach; lovely patterns free.-Rawling, Bedford, Notts.

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A SPLENDID quality Miniver Pelerine and Muff; £4 the two.-Write Z. 1319, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A STYLISH autumn brown zibeline Coat and Skirt; basque coat; silk lined collar, cuffs and belt brown velvet; average figure; nearly new; cost 8 guineas; for £3.-Write Z. 1441, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A STYLISH black Costume; plated skirt; Russian coat; 35s.-Write Z. 1359, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A STYLISH black tuckled silk Coatee; lined white silk; ball sleeves; smart collar; 25s.-Write Z. 1430, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A STYLISH Brown Serge Gown, well gored; white silk; ball sleeves; smart collar; 25s.-Write Z. 1353, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A STYLISH Dark blue velours Coat; double-breasted; silk brocade lining; beautiful embroidery; cost 9 guineas; for 80s.-Write Z. 1399, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A STYLISH grey tweed tailor-made Costume; "trotter" skirt; inverted pleat; Russian coat; small figure; 30s.-Write Z. 1381, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A STYLISH mole skin cloth three-quarter Coat; lined with black silk; medium figure; 30s.-Write Z. 1315, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A STYLISH navy blue Guard's Coat, lined silk; scarcely worn; 30s.-Write Z. 1368, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A STYLISH navy blue serge Gown; plated skirt; lined with black silk; 30s.-Write Z. 1361, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A STYLISH Royal blue faced cloth Costume; piping of velvet; silk lined; as new; £2 15s.-Write Z. 1366, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A THREE Light Blouses, two delaine, one silk; stylishly made; trimmed lace and silk motifs; handkerchiefs; 25s.-Write Z. 1369, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A THREE-QUARTER dark blue cloth Cape, fur lined; cost 4 guineas; for 25s.-Write Z. 1418, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A USEFUL black cloth winter Coat, with huge collar; lined with black silk; 25s.-Write Z. 1352, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A USEFUL Costume of dark feline; simply made with fashionable pelisse and long sole and black silk head; medium figure; 25s.-Write Z. 1367, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A VERY smart black Evening Gown of chiffon; tailored; 35s.-Write Z. 1311, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A VERY smart fawn box-cloth Driving Coat; full length; lined silk; deep cape; £2 10s.-Write Z. 1364, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A VERY smart Walking Costume of grey tweed, trimmed black silk head; medium figure; 35s.-Write Z. 1360, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A VERY smart white cloth Costume, plated skirt; Russian coat; tailor-made; as new; 35s.-Write Z. 1356, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.